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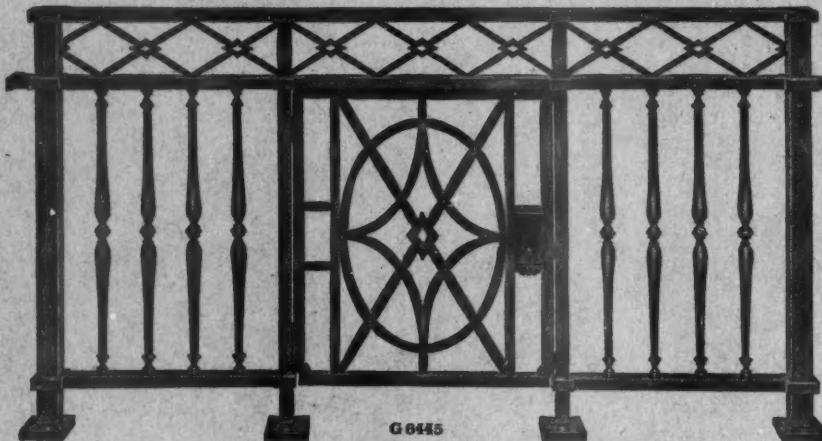
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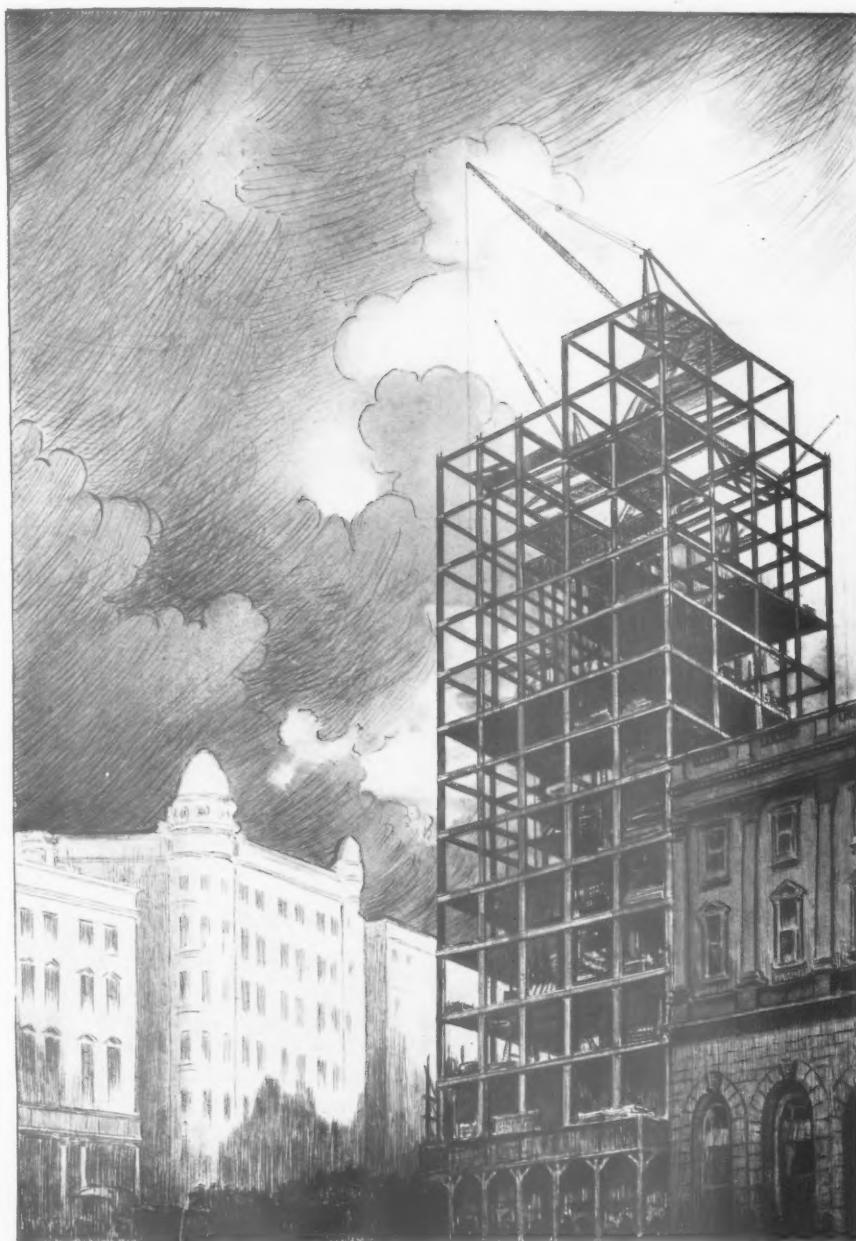
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CONTENTS

VOL. LI	FEBRUARY 1922	No. 303	
RYE IN SUSSEX. By Helen Ashton	25	PAGE	
A PRE-EMINENT SCULPTOR: ANTOINE LOUIS BARYE. By E. Beresford Chancellor	32	CHRONICLE AND COMMENT: SALIENT FEATURES OF THE MONTH'S ARCHITECTURAL NEWS: Austria's Gobelins Tapestries; A Better Year for Fine Art Dealers; Rebuilding of Reims; Fire in Auch Cathedral; Royal Academy Winter Exhibition	xxxiv
SAXON SURVIVALS IN THE SMALLER ENGLISH CHURCH. By Ulric Daubeny	36	The Manitoba Parliament Building; Messrs. Shannon, Ltd.; British Museum War Memorial; A Wealthy Building Patron	xxxvi
CUBLEY VILLAGE, PENISTONE, YORKSHIRE. Herbert Baker, F.R.I.B.A., Architect	39	Society of Painter Etchers; A Beautiful Greek Statue	xxxviii
THE "A.R." MEASURED DRAWINGS COMPETITION: THE PRIZE DRAWINGS	43	PLATE ILLUSTRATIONS.	
CHASTLETON HOUSE, OXFORDSHIRE. By M. Jourdain	48	FOUNTAIN IN FLORENCE. By W. Walcot	Plate I
ETCHINGS BY WALTER M. KEESEY	51	LION AND SERPENT. By Barye	Plate II
PUBLICATIONS:		HOUSE (c. 1780) IN ST. MARY'S STREET, ELY	Plate III
"The Designers of Our Buildings;" Sir Reginald Blomfield on Greek Architecture	xxxix	CHASTLETON HOUSE, OXFORDSHIRE: THE ENTRANCE FRONT	Plate IV
Lutyens Houses and Gardens; Art in the Stone Age	xxxii	FIREPLACE IN THE GREAT CHAMBER	Plate V
THE MEDICAL SCHOOL, ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL, SMITHFIELD	Plate VI		

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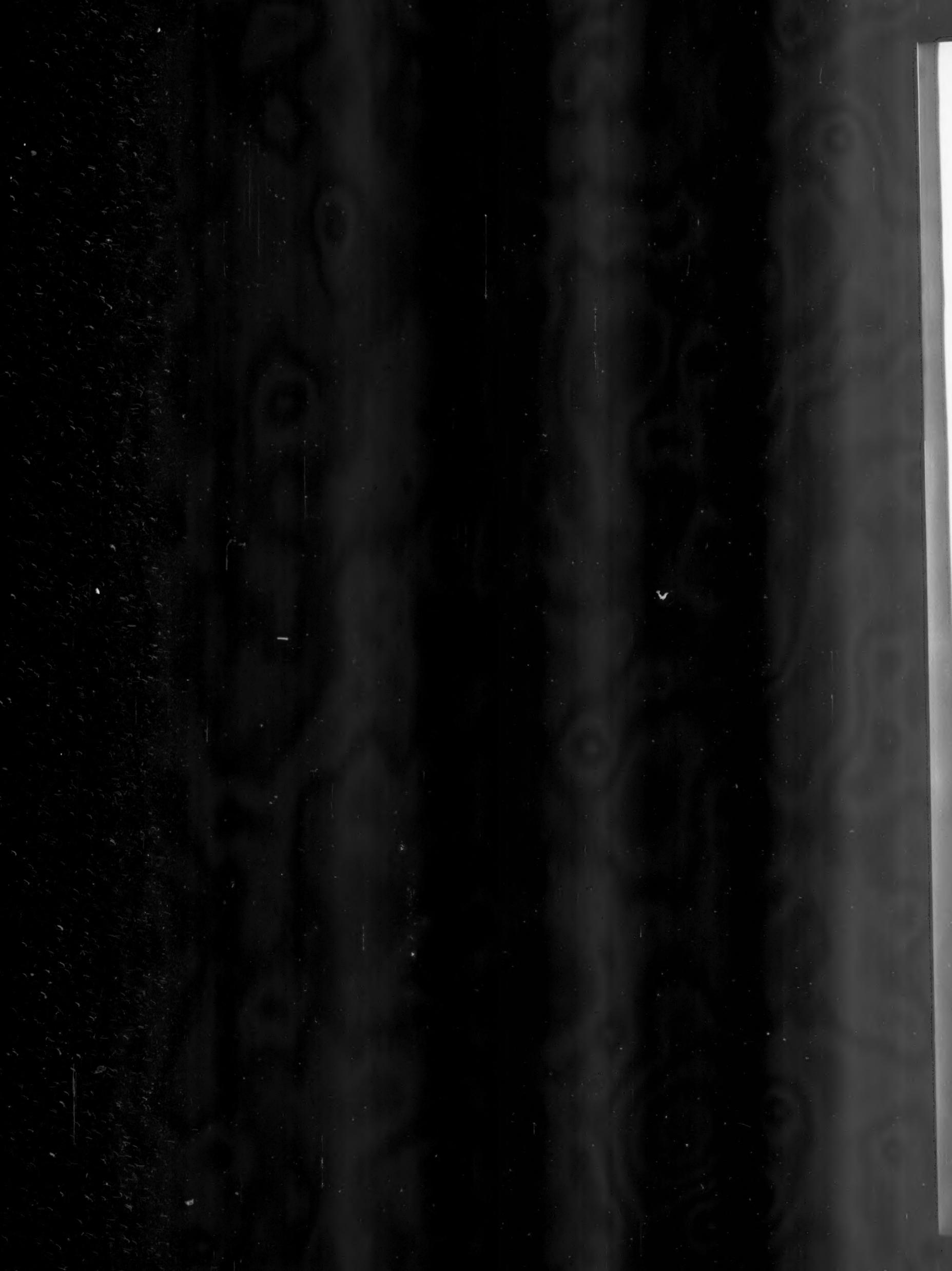
Plate I.

FOUNTAIN IN FLORENCE.

From a Water-colour Drawing by William Walcot.

February 1922.

The Publishers very deeply regret to announce that just as this issue of "THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW" was on the eve of publication, the sad news reached them of the sudden death of its Chief Editor, Mr. Ernest Newton, C.B.E., R.A., F.R.I.B.A. English architecture is bereaved of one of its most distinguished and most accomplished exponents. A more adequate tribute to his brilliant career will be published next month.



Rye in Sussex.

By Helen Ashton.

RYE is a very safe and secret town. It is built on a rock, and when it was young the salt water lay all round it.

Now that it is old, it lies among the salt marshes, where the lambs find the dike-water brackish at high tide and the gulls perch on the farm roof. From whatever compass-point you approach Rye, it stands up in the marsh like a pyramid, with all its red roofs crowded together, and topped by the tower of the church. Three rivers run at the foot of the town, and it looks across them to the deserting sea. Behind the town is a folded green tapestry of hop-gardens and oast-houses, receding farm by farm into the lonely middle of Kent. Rye has forgotten the time when its harbour ran six miles up the valley, past Udimore to Brede, when pilgrims by their thousands sailed thrice yearly to find Saint John of Compostella—when it was Rye Royal, and sent its ships to make a Channel fleet. Now the sea is three miles away; and it is only on September nights, when the floods are out and the tide making in the Rother, that you can see the town floating above the mist on the marshes, and think it an island still.

There is a little tour of Rye, compulsory for our visitors, which begins on the landward side. Here they enter by the last remaining gate of the four—Landgate, Strand Gate, Baddings Gate, and Ypres Gate—which broke the line of Edward the Third's fortifications. The two machicolated towers of the Landgate, and the stretch of town wall on the slope above Cinque Ports Street, are among the oldest stone in Rye. Within the ring made by these northward fortifications and the cliff few modern houses have been built; but the old houses have been patched again and again, with tile and weather-boarding, until from their groined cellars to their peaked roofs they figure the domestic history of four hundred years. Once inside the Landgate, the road climbs, shows you twenty miles of dim green salttings to the east, with Lydd Church and Dungeness Light on the horizon; and turns the corner into the most comfortable High Street in Sussex. Here there are red and yellow weather-tiled gables above the shops, a sundial like a locket, a bow-fronted chemist's window straight out of Caldecott, and through half-open doorways the quiver of leaves in gardens that no one sees. Half-way down the street is Peacock's Grammar School, the masterpiece of an unknown Caroline builder, translating his classics into plum-coloured brick. Here Thackeray had some schooling and sent his Denis Duval across from Winchelsea later. The school looks up Church Street to the squat tower of Rye Church and the great traceried window in its north transept. Across that window there travels to and fro the shadow from the 20-ft. pendulum of Queen Elizabeth's clock; and above the window is the clock itself, with its two gilded quarter-boys under their canopy, striking their bells in all weathers, and its gilded motto: "For our time is a very shadow that passeth away."

Over the road is the Town Hall, on its graceful arches that shelter the market, and a sundial across whose face Time—*edax rerum*—is figured running like the wind, with his scythe on his shoulder. But if these three figures—the one black and the two golden—recall Time's flight in this grass-grown corner,

they do it in vain. For no one in Rye has ever considered the flight of Time. . . .

The Church sits in a square of gabled houses, among an assembly of weathered tombstones. It is pleasantly mellowed outside, a little scraped and forlorn inside, shows a nice medley of styles beginning with the Norman, was twice burnt down when building, and claims to be the largest parish church in Sussex. The top of the tower is an airy 'vantage point from which you can number the roofs of the town, as well as the sheep on the marsh and the ships at sea. The east end is sustained by a pair of flying buttresses, which stride right over the path and plant their feet against a garden across the way, much as the buttress at Tours steps into the cloister of La Psalette. There is also at this corner the oddest little tower of Queen Anne brickwork, built on an oval ground-plan and surmounted by a kind of dome. I believe it shelters a spring, or conduit, but I never heard of anyone who had seen inside it.

From the north-east corner of Church Square, a cobbled passage goes to Lamb House, whose classical proportions seem yet to be informed by the suave spirit of Henry James. On the doorstep the artists perch in rows in the summer, like sparrows on a fence, immortalizing the angle of the church and the fifteenth-century cottage he bought up for fear anyone should renovate the curve of its tottering chimney-stack. Lamb House itself is in the purest Georgian tradition, from its stone steps to its dormered roof, and boasts one of those unexpectedly extensive gardens into which the back windows of a dozen neighbours enviously look. At the turn of the street is the little plaster garden-house, perched on the wall, at whose window the devout pilgrim sees, alas! no longer the bald silhouette—cut off at the shoulders like a Cæsar's bust—of the Old Pretender at work. This was the house at which Rupert Brooke made his unsuccessful attempt to visit the great man. "James and I have been out this evening to call on Mr. Henry James at 9.0. We found—at length—the house. It was immensely rich, and brilliantly lighted at every window on the ground floor. . . . We nearly fainted for fear of a company. At length I pressed the bell of the Great Door—there was a smaller door further along, the servants' door, we were told. No answer. I pressed again. At length, a slow, dragging step was heard within. It stopped outside the door. We shuffled. Then, very slowly, very loudly, immense numbers of chains and bolts were drawn within. There was a pause again. Further rattling within. Then the steps seemed to be heard retreating. There was silence. We waited in a wild, agonizing stupefaction. The house was dead silent. At length there was a shuffling noise from the servants' door. We thought someone was about to emerge from there to greet us. We slid down towards it—nothing happened. We drew back and observed the house. A low whistle came from it. Then nothing for two minutes. Suddenly, a shadow passed quickly across the light in the window nearest the door. Again nothing happened. James and I, sick with surmise, stole down the street. We thought we heard another whistle as we departed. We came back here shaking—we didn't know at what.

"If the evening paper, as you get this, tells of the murder of Mr. Henry James—you'll know."

History does not relate whether or no they attempted the august portal again by daylight. . . .

Round the corner is Mermaid Street, where the knowledgeable penetrate an undistinguished doorway to visit the half-timbered courtyard of the Tudor inn. The interior is also perfectly genuine, though the profusion of oak beams, stone hearths, and warming-pans may seem a little improbable to the cynic. Half-way down the hill is more Tudor work, at the "Old Hospital," whose elaborate timbers and plaster rival the "Mermaid" itself. In the seventeenth century its owner wrote complacently that this was the "best house in Rye." The title of hospital was not earned until the Napoleonic wars. If you are energetic you will go down the hill to the muddy quays and black warehouses of the tideway, and climb the cliff stairs again to Watchbell Street. Here, at the corner, a smuggling inn with a secret passage looks across Brede Marsh to the line of the Channel, to the dark wood at Winchelsea, and the curve of Fairlight Down.

Watchbell Street, where the alarm of a French invasion was sounded, is now so quiet that the grass grows beneath the stones; and there are ten-foot hollyhocks, year by year, in the courtyard of the deserted chapel.

The landward houses have walled gardens, but the houses on the seaward side have gardens that plunge straight down the cliff to the shipyard, where the stocks have not been empty since the thirteenth century, when Rye sent its five ships to the "Royal Navy of the Cinque Ports." The Rye boats are built with wooden pegs instead of nails, a fashion more durable than economical. Watchbell Street runs back to the church, with just one obvious allusion to the mediaeval in the lancet windows of the Carmelite Friary, and others more subtle overlaid by tile and plaster. At the corner of the square a timbered cottage has been disinterred, and perhaps a little over-restored, in the name of Saint Anthony of Padua, who finds lost things. He swings on a sign outside it, looking not quite acclimatized. On the east side of Church Square three or four houses make the Flushing Inn, which has recently scraped the whitewash off its sixteenth-century fresco, and the wall-paper off its panels, and become a hostelry in earnest. I believe you could

lie in bed there under the eaves and look through the east windows into the church on Sunday mornings.

Down hill from Church Square is the little Norman Fort, built by William of Ypres, to guard the harbour, which then washed the roots of the cliff. We called this place "Wypers Tower" in our vernacular for centuries before an Expeditionary Force discovered its original in Flanders. It is four-square, with a round tower at each angle, and is a great place for the stringy yellow wallflowers that seek their nourishment out of old stones. The block to the east, which is crenellated in a far more rigorously Norman style than the Norman original,

was added to house French prisoners in the Napoleonic wars, at the time when Pitt was designing Martello Towers and digging his Military Canal along the marsh.

At the foot of Wypers Tower is a kind of fortified bowling-green, called Gunnarden, which lies out of the wind and catches the sunshine all day. It is seldom without its old men sitting in the lee of the wall, or its children climbing the tarred cannon and the anchor fished up from the bottom of the sea. Here you can lean breast-high on the parapet and see the three rivers of Rye — Rother, Tillingham, and Brede—run together below you. At high springs the prospect is white with water, overflowing all the dikes; and apes the Elizabethan harbour for an hour or two. But at other times you have only three winding mud-creeks among the flats; and the Channel is withdrawn behind the pebble ridge at Camber, three miles away. To the west, across the salt marshes that have risen out of the old harbour, lie the low hills of Winchelsea and Guestling, and the high hill at Fairlight, all crowned on a windy day with turning sails. Down



WINCHELSEA CHURCH PORCH.

in the marsh is the little Castle of Camber, with its five absurd towers, that sat on the harbour mouth when Henry the Eighth built it, and within fifty years was left high and dry among the sheep. Due south lies the last of Rye's trade among the tarred huts and fishing boats of Rye Harbour, and the shallow bar at Rothermouth where the tide runs like a millrace through the shingle. Across Rother you can see the whole of Romney Marsh with its sheep and sea-gulls, its reeds and willows, its churches and farms, sweeping past Brenzett, Dymchurch, and Lydd to the lighthouse pillar low down at Dungeness, and the far, faint quarries on the Kentish Downs. . . .



VIEW FROM LAMB HOUSE.

"The fifteenth-century cottage he bought."



MERMAID STREET.

"Round the corner is Mermaid Street."



THE CUSTOMS HOUSE.

"Down the hill to the muddy quays."



WATERHILL STREET.

"A timbered cottage has been disinterred."



CHURCH SQUARE.

"Down hill from Church Square"



YPRES TOWER.

"At the foot of Wypers Tower lies . . . the Gungarden."



THE OLD HOSPITAL, MERMAID STREET.



RYE CHURCH AND TOWN HALL.



THE MONASTERY.



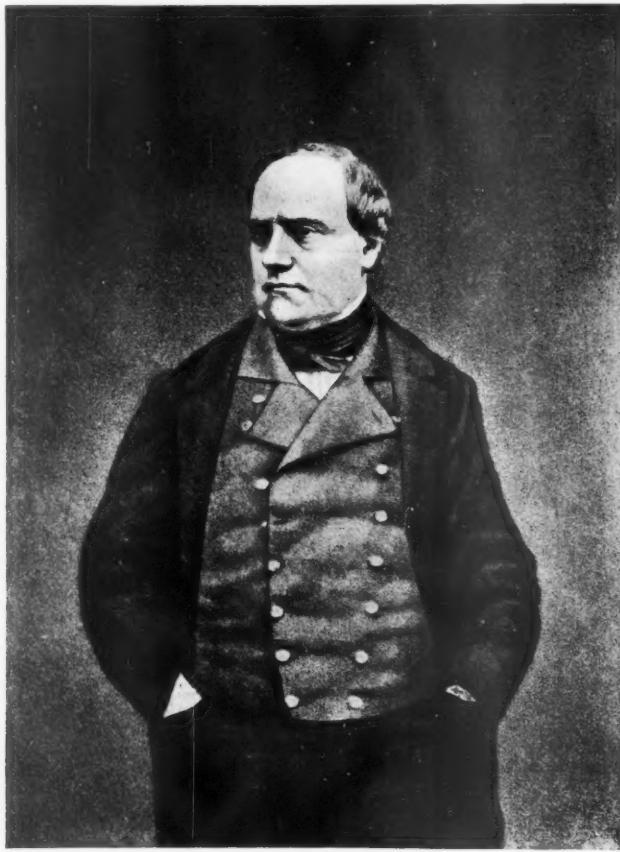
HENRY JAMES'S HOUSE.

A Pre-Eminent Sculptor : Antoine Louis Barye.

By E. Beresford Chancellor, M.A.

IT is unfortunately a commonplace that England knows little concerning the great men of other countries. The efflux of time occasionally brings with it a certain apprehension of outstanding Continental personalities, so that at least their names, if not the extent and quality of their achievements, come to be recognized by that curious entity, the man in the street; and there are who talk glibly of Hugo or Pasteur, Berlioz or Méryon or Delaroche, without these names really conveying any but the vaguest ideas as to what their bearers produced in the different directions in which they laboured. It is a sad and sobering thought that this should be so. Here

hardly knows the name (let alone the production) of the man who in his particular direction of plastic art was *sui generis*. In our museums you may see some of his output, and those who have given special thought and study to such matters realize his greatness; but outside an esoteric circle he is as unknown as Rodin would have been had not W. E. Henley insisted on our recognizing that supreme artist; or as, in all probability, Goethe and Schiller would have been had they not had able and determined sponsors in De Quincey and Carlyle. There is no excuse in these days, when all the world has been or is going to Paris, for at least the artistic products



ANTOINE LOUIS BARYE.

we are separated but by twenty odd miles from the most artistic of modern countries—one, too, which has produced writers and men of science of first-rate importance, and we are blissfully ignorant of the existence of many of its most notable human products.

The neglect of Barye is a striking proof of this insularity. In the Paris of his birth and artistic existence there stands a statue to his memory. That statue bears on it the record that it was erected by French and *American* admirers of his incomparable genius. England, divided but by a strip of water from the land that produced him, took no part in this tribute to his memory; England, to-day, which is nearer Paris by several hours than it was when that memorial was erected,

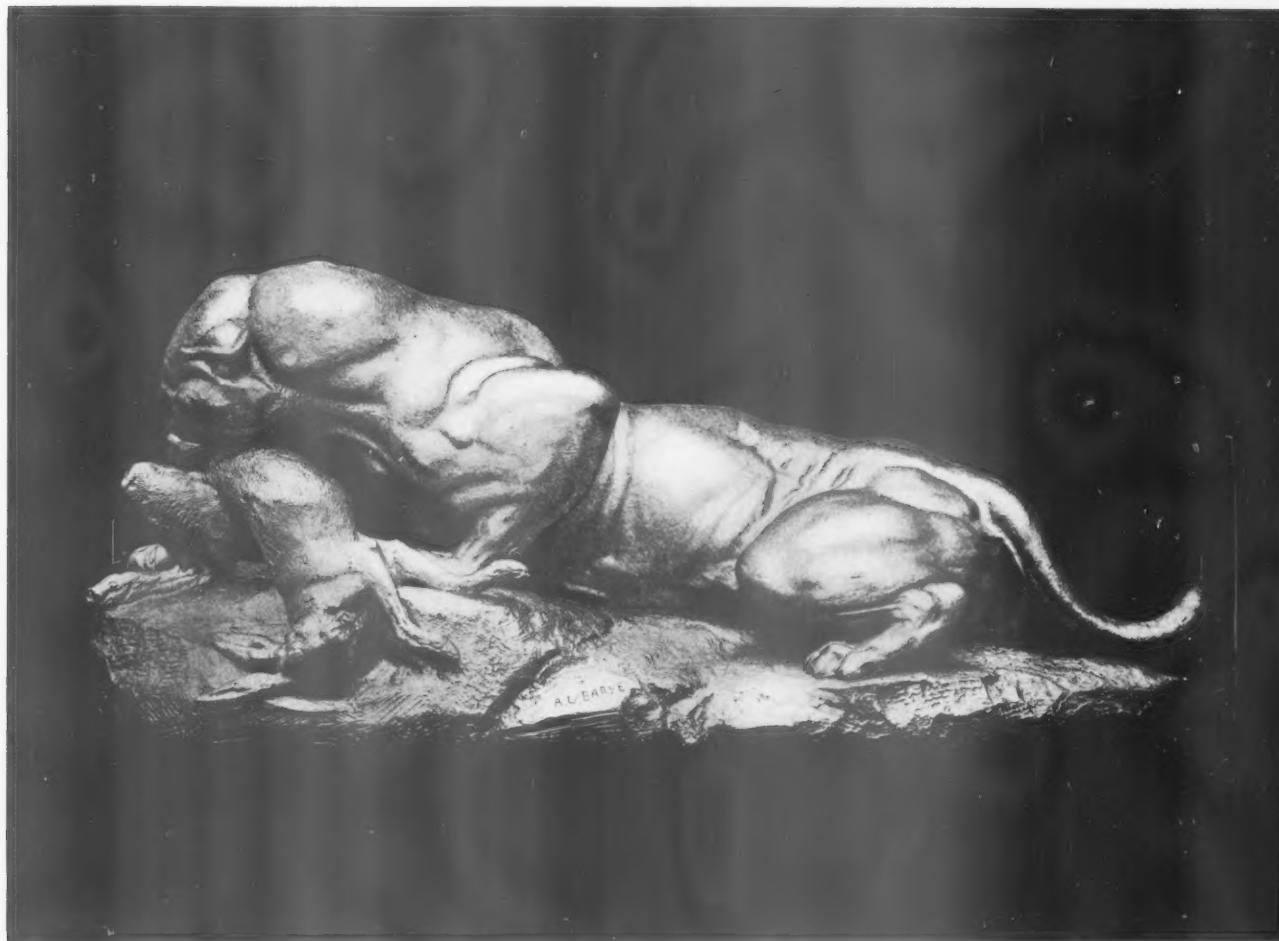
of outstanding Frenchmen to be unknown to us. The Louvre and the Luxembourg teem with their work; you can hardly move an inch in *la ville lumière* without encountering the work of its notable sculptors, from Jean Goujon and Ligier-Richer to Pigalle and Clodion, Falconet and Pajou, Rude and Carpeaux, Falguière and Frémiet, and the rest. In the statue-studded gardens of the Tuileries you may see the masterpieces of Barye, and those terrific lions with which Cain proved himself so capable a pupil of the greater man. In spite of a monumental book on Barye and his Works, by Roger Ballu, which appeared in 1890, and Delteil's monograph in "Le Peintre Graveur Illustré," there has been little or nothing written in England about this remarkable artist; and I can only

ANTOINE LOUIS BARYE.



Plate II.

February 1922.
LION AND SERPENT, BY BARYE.



JAGUAR DEVOURING A HARE.

call to mind a short article by Gustave Geffroy on the subject, which appeared in "The Magazine of Fine Arts" for 1905. In saying, therefore, something about the man and his output, one need not fear the accusation of going over well-trodden ground.

There seems no doubt that even in France Barye's great gifts were for long overlooked, and Ballu commences his exhaustive study by these words—words that may, perhaps, help to excuse our abysmal ignorance on this side of the channel.

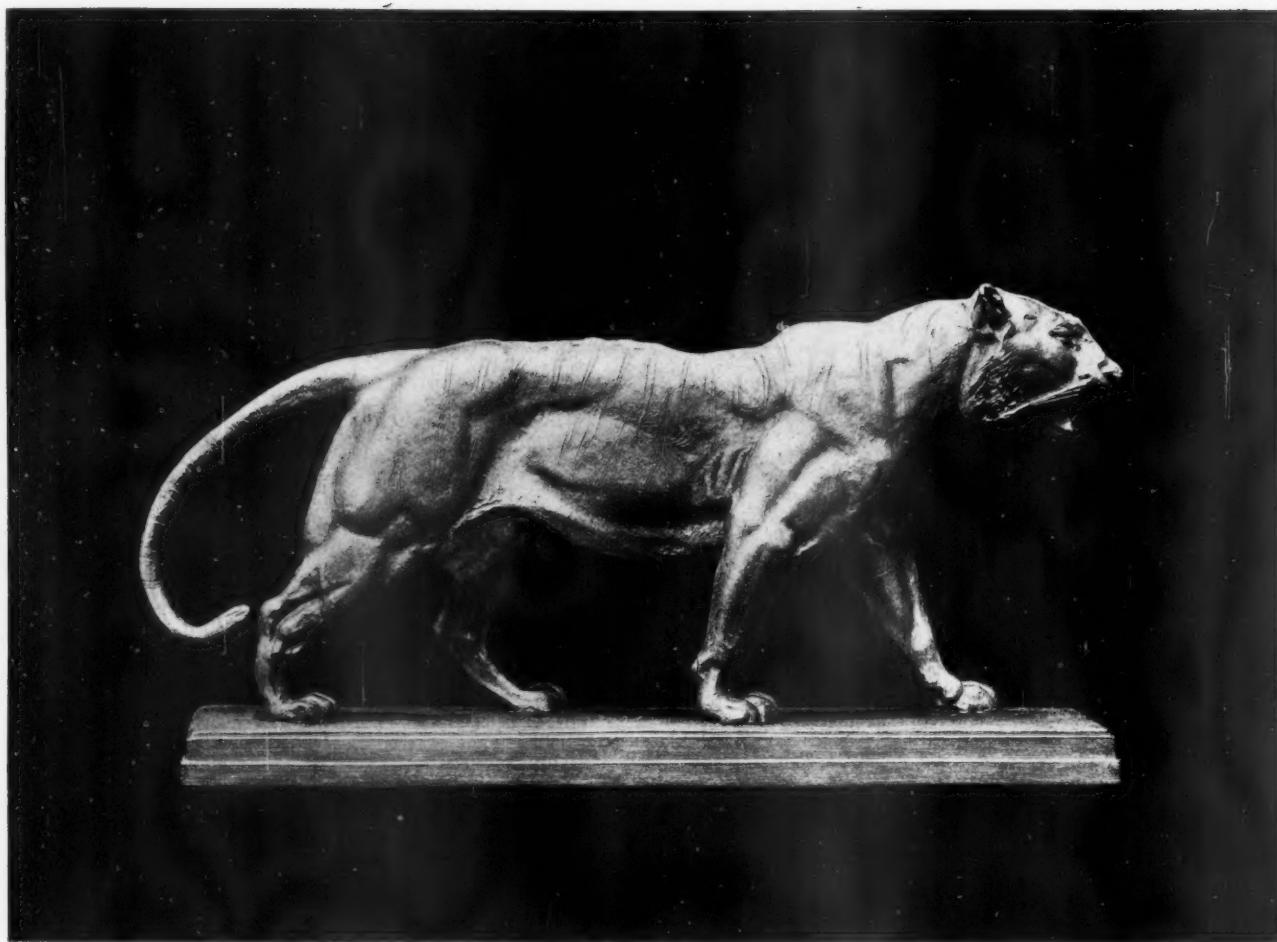
"Je suppose que les œuvres de Barye subissent un jour le sort des antiques de Pompéi: c'est-à-dire qu'après un enfouissement de plusieurs siècles le sol le rende à la lumière; les hommes d'alors les prédestinés en qui résideront encore le goût et l'amour de l'art, devant ces beautés inattendues, à la lecture de ce nom révélé, ne s'écrieront-ils pas: 'Quelle était donc la génération qui vit naître et se développer l'œuvre de Barye et négligea d'entourer l'artiste d'une célébrité capable de lui survivre!'" Quatorze ans se sont écoulés depuis le mort du grand sculpteur, et voyez dans quel abandon est laissée sa mémoire."

The analogy between the regardless eyes of contemporaries concerning Barye and the same myopic vision in the case of Méryon will strike those who are acquainted with the lack of recognition secured by these twins of genius. Barye did not often allow the pen to occupy those fingers which were so amazingly deft with the chisel, but on one occasion he did set forth the main events of his life,* and this forms a peg on

which to hang a slight record of his career and output. Of this the outstanding features are as follows: He was born in Paris on 15 September, according to Ballu, although Delteil says 24 September, 1796; and so backward was he that at the age of twelve he was unable to read. His father, a native of Lyons, was a jeweller in Paris, his mother having been a Mademoiselle Claparède. In his early teens Barye was apprenticed to an engraver named Fourrier, or Fournier, but in 1812 he was swept into the army, although, happily, he found himself in a not uncongenial military position, being employed, on the topographical side, in modelling plans in relief. Two years later, owing to the débâcle which occurred to Napoleon's legions, Barye seems to have automatically escaped from military service, and in 1816 he became a pupil of Bosio, transferring himself, in the following year, to the *atelier* of Gros. Here he worked industriously, and in 1820 he obtained the second Grand Prix for sculpture. At the same time he was not making much money, and as he had married in this year he cast about for some means of augmenting his small and precarious income. To this end he entered the workshops of Fauconnier, and the hands that were to produce the famous Lion and Serpent, and were to give life to the Theseus and Minotaur, were employed in fashioning articles of jewellery and other kinds of decorative bijouterie. That he must still have found time for more ambitious work is proved by the fact that in 1827 he sent his first exhibit to the Salon. Four years later he obtained a gold medal, and in 1833 his "Lion devouring a Serpent" caused him to gain the *Croix d'Honneur*.

By now he had become more or less known to a few who realized the true greatness of the man who could stamp his

* A facsimile is given of this autograph in Vol. 67 of "L'Art."



PROWLING TIGER.

individuality and genius equally on monumental sculpture, and on such trifles as paper-weights and similar utilitarian objects. Gigoux lithographed his portrait, and with the exhibition of his *Cerf aux prises avec un lynx* his fame became extended even beyond the realms of those private patrons who had long recognized his splendid powers, and for whom he almost entirely worked. He had been given the post, humble enough considering his qualities and claims, of Keeper of the Plaster Casts in 1848, and in 1854 he became Professor of Designs. He had always been anxious to obtain academic honours, no doubt because he knew that by such means his work would secure a better chance of a wider recognition; but he was invariably defeated, and by far inferior men. Thus, in 1819, he had entered for the Prix de Rome, and it went to M. Vatinelle; in 1820, 1821, and 1822 he again competed, and his successful rivals were Jacquot, Lemaire, and Seurre the younger! These defeats left wounds which never entirely healed, although his eventual election to the Institute must have helped to obliterate them.

Amidst accumulating debts, which it took twenty years of incessant labour to wipe out, he worked on, superbly detached and aloof, producing that wonderful menagerie in which the life of the jungle and the prairie, the forest and the fields, is revivified with a force and truth never before or since attained by a worker in bronze or stone. It was not, indeed, till after his death in 1875, when an exhibition of his works was organized in the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, that Barye began really to be recognized as a master.

It has been truthfully stated by Geffroy that "manifestations of Barye's genius may at last, without arousing protest,

be classed among the highest and most original that have ever been produced since man first attempted to express mental and physical life through the medium of stone and bronze." His "Theseus and the Minotaur," his "Tartar Warrior," his "Juno," etc., prove how great he was as a sculptor of man; his groups War, Peace, Force, and Order, in the Tuilleries Gardens and the Cour du Carrousel, show how he could combine into a living whole the ethical as well as the physical attributes of humanity. By his statues, such as those of Charles VI, Joan of Arc, Gaston de Foix, and Bonaparte, he proved himself an equal of the great figure-sculptors of France. But it is by his representations of animals that he will live, not as the equal of any, but as the superior of all.

Animal life was to him an obsession. He was a naturalist who left the results of a lifelong study in the media of bronze and stone. At the Jardin des Plantes he watched, day by day, the animals' varying moods: their fury, their playfulness, their lynx-like observation, their curtailed strength, their ferocity and their restless involutions. To this he brought that "inward eye" which saw them in the jungle creeping towards their prey, bounding on some wretched victim, tearing limb from limb some devoted quarry. The impressive intentness, looking so far into the distance, of the lion; the paralysing eye, burning bright, of the tiger; the jaguar's snarling ferocity, and the panther's stealthy tread, all found in him their historian—an historian who had studied their ways and habits with the meticulous care of a student, and with something of a lover's sympathy and insight.

The classic convention was given its death-blow when Barye took up his chisel and wrought into palpitating life the



TIGER DEVOURING A CROCODILE.

plastic clay. He is the Pygmalion of the Jungle. His lions, as they confront us in public places, large and terrible as they are in their native haunts, or diminutive in the glass cases of museums or on the tables of collectors, are no longer the harmless creatures of the old masters whose gambols would not terrify a child, and whose graceful paws rest on the conventional globe. They are the actual thing, with muscles showing clear beneath the skin of bronze, with sleek and flexible fur that takes every undulation of their feline movements. As you gaze at one of his animals you feel that in an imminent moment it will move, the great paw will descend irresistibly, the cruel jaw will open wide, and the grinding teeth will tear its victim limb from limb. That lion which holds the serpent beneath its extended claws, and snarls at its opponent in a horrid uncertainty as the baleful head rears up and the dreadful fang shoots forth—what will be the end of that terrific struggle? For ever are they held, brute and reptile, in a poised and doubtful suspense. Barye gives us the first act of the drama; but it is, too, the quality of his tremendous genius to supply us with a kind of insight whereby we may read the successive stages of that struggle and witness in our mind's eye its final development. Every phase of animal life seems to have been as an open book to that instinctive student. We get the drama in which the furious pursuer tracks down and does to death the weak and terrified fugitive; or the Homeric combats in which force is opposed to equal force, or mere strength is pitted against cunning and resource. But we get, too, the idylls, whether it be in the stag bounding lightly and joyously through the brushwood, the dog lying lazily in the sun, the cat demurely seated before the hearth of

domesticity. His tremendous elephants trot along with an agility that is never seen outside the jungle; his alligators move painfully their long iron-bound and fearful jaws, and yawn ridiculously as they must do in some ink-like swamp in the primeval forests of the new world; his serpent twists its obscene length round the devoted horse and rider on whom it has descended like a flash of lightning, or engulfs into its capacious jaw some wretched creature whose power of flight has been fascinated away by its hypnotic eye. If it may be truly asserted that every creature he has reproduced is photographic in its accuracy, it may as certainly be said that into that photographic rendering there has passed the Promethean touch which has given life to its reproduction, and has stamped the vitalizing genius of its portrayer on the subject of his choice.

Barye's art was his life; that reserved, modest nature, incapable of untruth, as we know it to have been, seems eminently suitable to have produced these intensely true and unmeretricious renderings of the natural life he set himself to portray. His profundity of observation was only equalled by his strenuous accomplishment; simple in his life, his glory remains for ever in his marvellous achievement. Had it not been for the work of such a follower as Edouard Cain, as a sculptor, and for such similar powers of observation as men like Nettleship and Swan and Wardle have exhibited in another direction of art, we might have regarded Barye as the first and last of a school in which savage animal life has been rendered with the utmost power and the most consummate knowledge. As it is he stands forth, as Théophile Gautier once said, the Michelangelo of the menagerie.

Saxon Survivals in the Smaller English Church.

By Ulric Daubeny.

ONLY those who have made a careful study of ancient churches realize how extensive and how scattered are the remains of Saxon ecclesiastical architecture in England.

Antiquarians are familiar with such names as Barnack, Brixworth, Bradford-on-Avon, Earl's Barton, Deerhurst, and perhaps a dozen more where exceptional Saxon features survive, but the many places where may be found less imposing details, to the majority of students remain an absolutely

disclosed. Setting aside one or two of these claims as doubtful, five at least had never before been noticed in print, yet that they did present Saxon indications remains above all reasonable grounds for dispute.

Despite the further survivals which careful observation and possible accidental discoveries in the future may disclose, it seems at first sight curious that so comparatively little of pre-Norman work remains, bearing in mind that the majority of parishes possessed churches at the time when Domesday



TYPICAL SAXON ARCHES, BRADFORD-ON-AVON.

unknown quantity. Dr. Cox, in dealing with pre-Norman architecture in this country, puts the number of indisputable examples at from 225 to 250, figures which will surprise some ecclesiologists, but at the same time doubtless represent a cautious estimate. All individual districts have not as yet been systematically examined. The writer, in a research which included eighty churches in the Northern Cotswolds possessed of Norman evidences, found Saxon work distributed among them thus: nine churches with obvious structural features; at least eleven more with details such as carvings, fragments of masonry or crosses, and sundials; and two other churches beneath which Saxon foundations had in recent times been

Survey was made. Of these, however, at least ninety per cent. appear to have been rebuilt during the acknowledged Norman period, others were demolished in the succeeding centuries, while the ravages of Time were vigorously precipitated by the all-destroying lust of the early and the late Victorian "restorer." Hence the number of churches which present extensive structural features of the Saxon type must of necessity be limited; but, without indulging faddish speculations, almost unlimited must be the fragmentary remains, as often as not still hidden beneath plaster, embedded in later masonry, or even buried under ground.

Saxon survivals are distributed among nearly all the



TYPICAL SAXON WINDOW.

English counties, from Northumberland to Kent, and Hereford to Norfolk, but among the most prolific districts may be mentioned those of Berkshire, Lincolnshire, Yorkshire, and Northants. In certain cases the early character may not at once be patent to the inexpert eye: it is, perhaps, deduced rather from the conformation of the ground plan and the general proportions of the building—technical points which it is not intended to dwell on here, because of more general utility will be some illustrations of those distinctive features by which the handiwork of the Saxon mason may be detected almost at a glance.

The method of design and building which goes by the name Saxon may be said to date from the arrival of St. Augustine in England, and it did not in all places absolutely die out until about the year 1075, although the style known as Norman actually began to appear during the last years of Edward the Confessor. In a simple manner Saxon work may generally be recognized by the peculiarities of the masonry, by the design of windows and arches, and by the character of the carvings.

Saxon walls are thin as compared with Norman, being sometimes less, but seldom more, than a yard in thickness; on the other hand, their height is often proportionately very great; the diminutive nave at Bradford-on-Avon, only 25 ft. 2 in. long, is 25 ft. 3 in. high. Norman walls generally consisted of a rubble core with ashlar facings; but although the Saxons were familiar with the use of ashlar, their rough-built walls were more often disguised only by a covering of plaster.

A favourite form of construction was that which goes by the name of "herring-bone masonry"; but, apart from independent evidences, this gives no conclusive proof of Saxon origin, for work of such a nature is found in buildings as early as Roman and as late as Norman; Norman herring-bone masonry, however, was generally more solid and more regularly laid than Saxon.

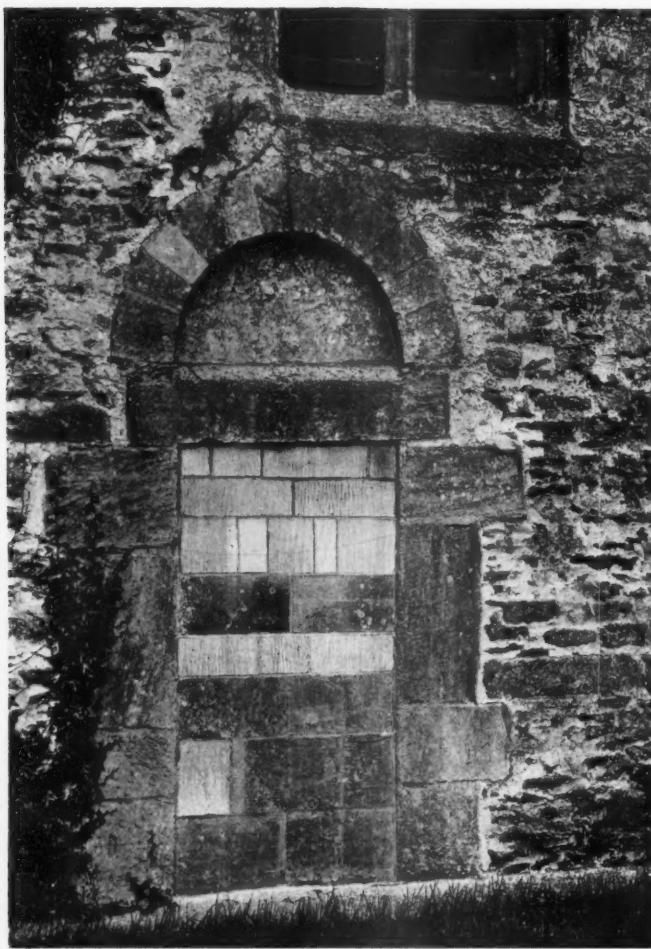


SAXON CRUCIFIX. (The Niche is Decorated.)

The quoins, or angles, of a Saxon building sometimes afford a more reliable test. Early examples were rather irregularly built of piled-up massive blocks, but later buildings frequently show "long and short" work—that is, carefully shaped oblong stones placed alternately horizontally and vertically—a constructive type quite foreign to Norman and later methods. Long-and-short work usually appears also in "pilaster strips," another highly significant feature. These are narrow vertical ribs of masonry, projecting only an inch or two from the surface of the walls in which they appear. Because in no way to be considered as buttresses—a form of support unused by Saxon artificers—it is usual to regard the pilaster strip solely as an ornament; but although in many late tenth- and early eleventh-century towers its profuse occurrence gives, and doubtless was intended to give, a strikingly handsome effect, in other cases the ornamental result is absolutely lacking. Probably, like the long-and-short work in the quoins, pilaster strips served a useful purpose in helping to bind rubble masonry: the idea that such features, which are found generally in the later buildings, were merely designed to imitate in stone the primitive forms of timber construction seems, to say the least, grotesque.

Less frequently than any of the above characteristics whereby it is possible to distinguish Saxon masonry will be found the evidences of chevron or herring-bone tooling, as opposed to the simple diagonal strokes made by the Norman mason's axe. Externally the weathering of centuries may have obliterated signs of this typically Saxon method of hewing stone, but occasionally it is still to be distinguished in less exposed positions, particularly on the interior surfaces of the contemporary stone coffins.

Having examined the general characteristics of the masonry, it will be well to look at the windows. These, in Saxon work, are splayed internally and outside; and although



SAXON DOORWAY OF SIMPLE CHARACTER.

the occasional very narrow windows may not be easy to differentiate from Norman, it is more usual to find wide apertures, often tending towards the straddled type, the opening being narrower towards the top than at the bottom. Occasionally, as at Deerhurst, the windows are angular-headed, while double-splayed clerestory or other high-placed lights may be circular, and are distinguishable from similar windows of later date in that they are seldom, if ever, as much as a foot in diameter. Belfry windows are often typical in having two or more semicircular headed lights divided by a central ornamental baluster, the whole feature occasionally being contained within a single plain hood-mould or arch; such windows, however, should be examined cautiously, for a similar type of belfry light was used extensively by the Normans.

Saxon doorways and arches generally may be known (1) by the occasional occurrence of long-and-short work in the jambs; (2) by their narrowness in proportion to their height (this is remarkably apparent in the chancel arches of Escomb and Bradford-on-Avon, the latter being 9 ft. 9 in. in height, but only 3 ft. 6 in. wide); (3) by the very rare appearance of a supplementary arch or order within the main arch; (4) by the plainly squared jambs and imposts, which, however, are sometimes chamfered as in Norman work; (5) by the arches inclining more generally towards the stilted than towards the exactly semicircular or segmental later type; (6) by the tendency to the straddled design, as found in windows; (7) by the occurrence of triangular heads, as noticed also in windows; (8) by the absence of decoration.

Saxon mouldings, in general, are decidedly crude, and when



SAXON TOWER, DEERHURST. (The upper part is later.)

they do appear they stand out in relief, instead of being incised. In many cases the surrounding stone was excavated in order to form a raised design, and, indeed, the circular arcadings which surround the Bradford-on-Avon chapel were cut out after the actual walls had been erected. More decorative mouldings, when they are present, usually take the form of interwoven spirals or knot-work designs, such as covered fonts and crosses, small portions of which have frequently come to light during restorations, and which should still be visible somewhere about a church, carefully let into the wall of porch, aisle, or vestry.

A detail which is easily overlooked, but which sometimes provides a hint as to age which might otherwise be impossible to distinguish, is the Saxon sundial. This (lacking, of course, its wooden gnomon) in the more primitive examples will be incised, but sometimes a carefully wrought dial may consist of a beaded circle divided into four by raised or incised radii placed at right angles, with the two bottom segments bisected by radii also in relief. Three or more of the lower radii will probably be marked by crosses, as denoting important canonical hours or "tides," and there may also appear minor (incised) subdivisions; but Saxon dials are in the main distinguished by the limited number of their radii as compared with examples of Norman and later date, which frequently recorded all hours from 6 a.m. to 6 p.m. The most likely place in which to discover such a sundial is over a southern doorway, but there is no accounting for the eccentricities of rebuilding or "restoration," and examples could be quoted of sundials in north walls, and even inside the very church itself.

Cubley Village, Penistone, Yorkshire.

Herbert Baker, F.R.I.B.A., Architect.

MESSRS. CAMMELL LAIRD, who have large steel factories in Sheffield, also own important steelworks in the village of Penistone, to which they have recently made large extensions. Penistone being a small village, they acquired an estate about a mile away from their works, and half a mile from the present village, on land that rises to about nine hundred feet above the sea, overlooking the extensive Yorkshire moorlands. There was local opposition to the site, as some people wished to extend the village towards the factories. Messrs. Cammell Laird opposed this, knowing it would result in a congested area round the factories, following the bad examples of factory towns in the past, and opposed to the principles of garden-city planning. It is certain that the inhabitants of the new village will be ultimately grateful to Messrs. Cammell Laird for establishing it on the plateau, with enjoyment of the purer air and finer prospects discounting the distance from the works and the boisterousness of the moors.

The village was designed so that the Green and Institute are placed on the highest and flattest part of the plateau. The main road to it converges on a memorial, and is a prolongation of the old street of Penistone; it is axial with the tower to the church, a beautiful feature of the landscape. Another road from the playing-field converges to the Cross; between these two roads the planting of trees has been so designed that distantly across the valley the axial view will focus on the chimneys and buildings of the steelworks and the woods on the distant moorlands.

Because these two roads climb to the plateau it has involved building the more expensive part first; the remaining roads circling the Green have been laid out on the natural contour lines of the hill.

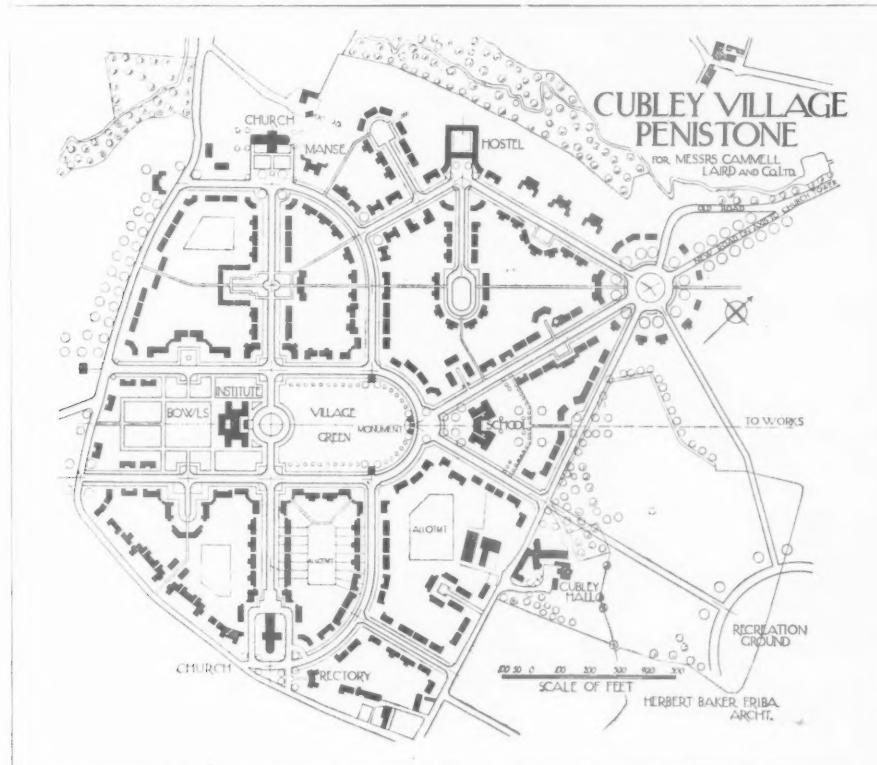
Buildings in Penistone in the past have consisted of stone walls and stone roofs, as these materials are found abundantly in the neighbourhood, and in the new village it was intended to use stone. Not only for architectural, but also for patriotic reasons it was meet, since the Ministry of Health advertised that there was a shortage of bricks and transport, asking those who intended to build to use local materials. However, owing to dislocation by the war, building in stone, however simply detailed, proved to be inordinately expensive, and when the designs went through the mills of the Ministry of Health stone walls and roofs disappeared, with the humiliating result of witnessing good building stone being brought to the site, put into crushers, and ground for concrete blocks. Care was taken to get variety of texture and colour into the blocks, which were made on the Winget principle, by using varied stone and sand, and varying the surface texture. These walls are built with a cavity.

The houses are planned variously to meet the different conditions of the site and aspect; all living-rooms have morning or midday sun, and all larders a cool position.

Messrs. Cammell Laird added at their own expense a brindle brick of reddish brown and blue for plinths, chimneys, and porches, and green and grey Westmorland slates for the roofs. They paid the cost of making the chimneys larger and higher, so that a great deal was done towards rescuing the cottages from the monotonous state in which they emerged from the Ministry of Health.

The size of the rooms was based on a liberal interpretation of the first recommendation issued by the Ministry, and they are therefore larger than those of the revised schedule.

The comfort of the householders has been well cared for.

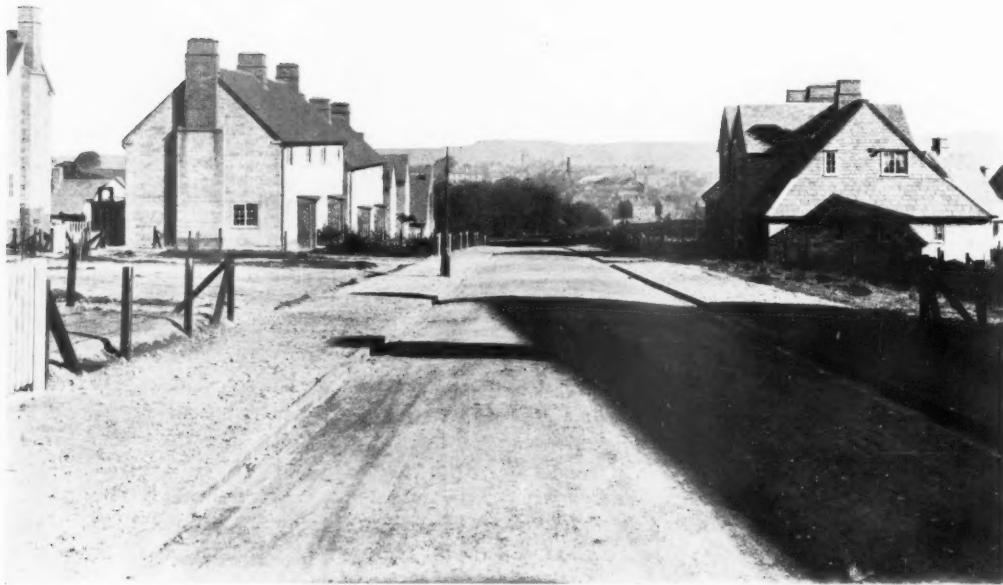


PLAN OF LAY-OUT.

The sculleries are lined with brown glazed bricks, and the majority of houses have bathrooms and lavatory basins upstairs, with hot water laid on. Plate racks, large draining-boards, and a dresser are provided in every living-room. A fitting of great utility is the drying-rack suspended from the ceiling in front of the kitchen fire. Cupboards are amply provided, and wherever construction permitted they were

made in the bedrooms. The sanitary and storm-water drainage was carried out under the direction of the London Sanitary Protection Association.

It must give Messrs. Cammell Laird and their chief engineer, Mr. H. C. Loving, no less than Mr. Herbert Baker, the architect, Messrs. J. Laing and Son, of Carlisle, and Mr. Lionel Pearson, who acted as resident architect through the



DOWN STREET TO THE TOWER OF THE OLD CHURCH OF PENISTONE.



HOUSES ROUND FUTURE VILLAGE GREEN.

initial stages of the work, the keenest pleasure to look on the transformation of this moorland into a pleasant village in sympathy with its environment : and to have surmounted, after three trying years, the difficulties imposed by the economic stringency and labour shortage—exceptionally severe at Penistone—and the hostile elements of nature in this bleak situation.

As for the planting, owing to the soil and climate the

variety of trees had to be strictly limited to beeches, sycamores, hollies, rowans, and thorns. Liberal gardens have been provided to each house, with allotments in central spaces. If the tenants take pride in their houses and gardens commensurate with the generosity of the company, who made a free gift of the land and funds over and above the inadequate grant provided, the new village of Cubley should be a thing of beauty and of pride to the neighbourhood.

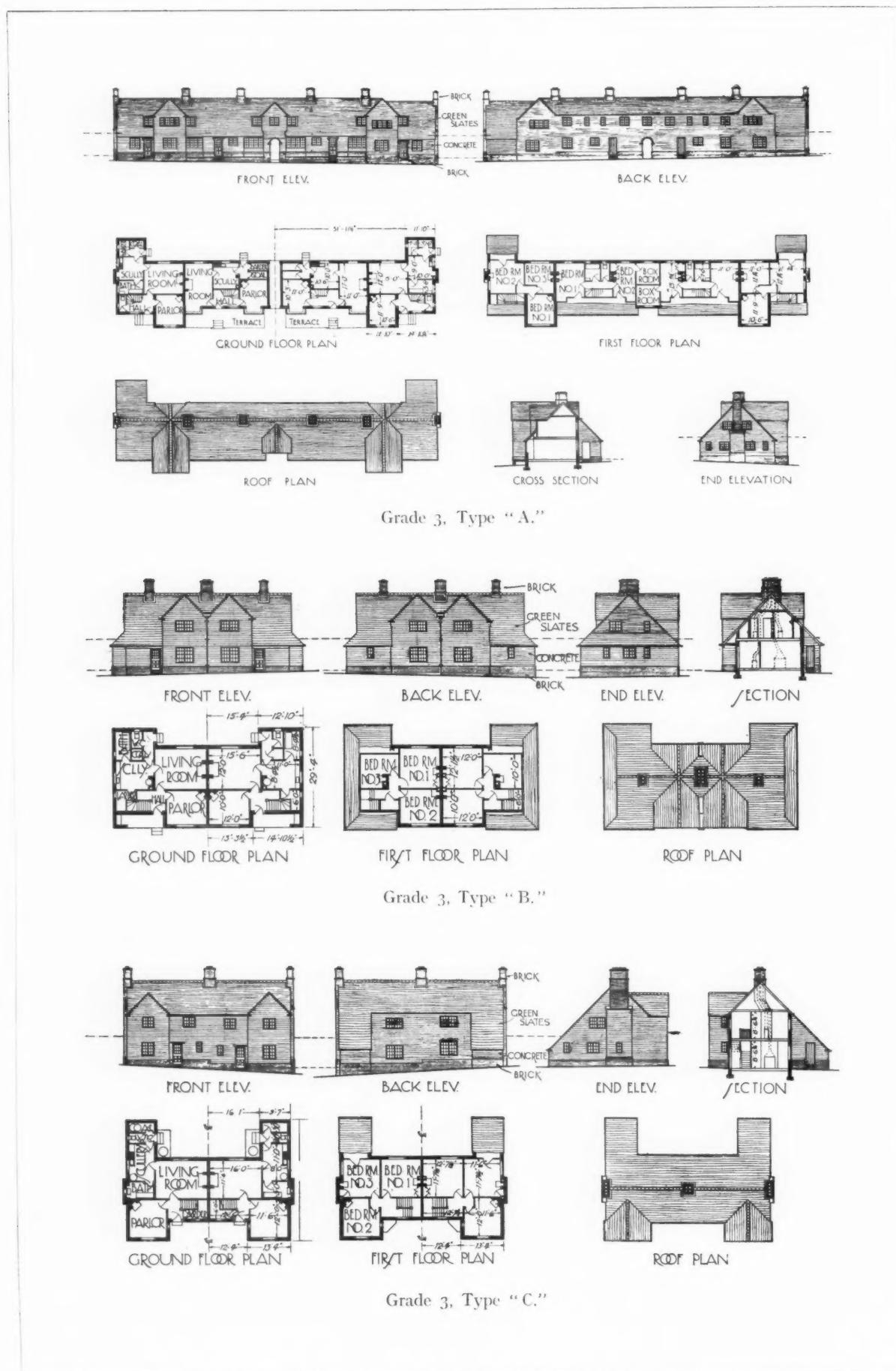


A GROUP OF HOUSES IN RECESS FROM ROAD.



COTTAGES OF THE SMALLER TYPE.

THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW.



CUBLEY VILLAGE, PENISTONE, YORKSHIRE: COTTAGES OF THREE TYPES.

HOUSE (c. 1780) IN ST. MARY'S STREET, ELY.



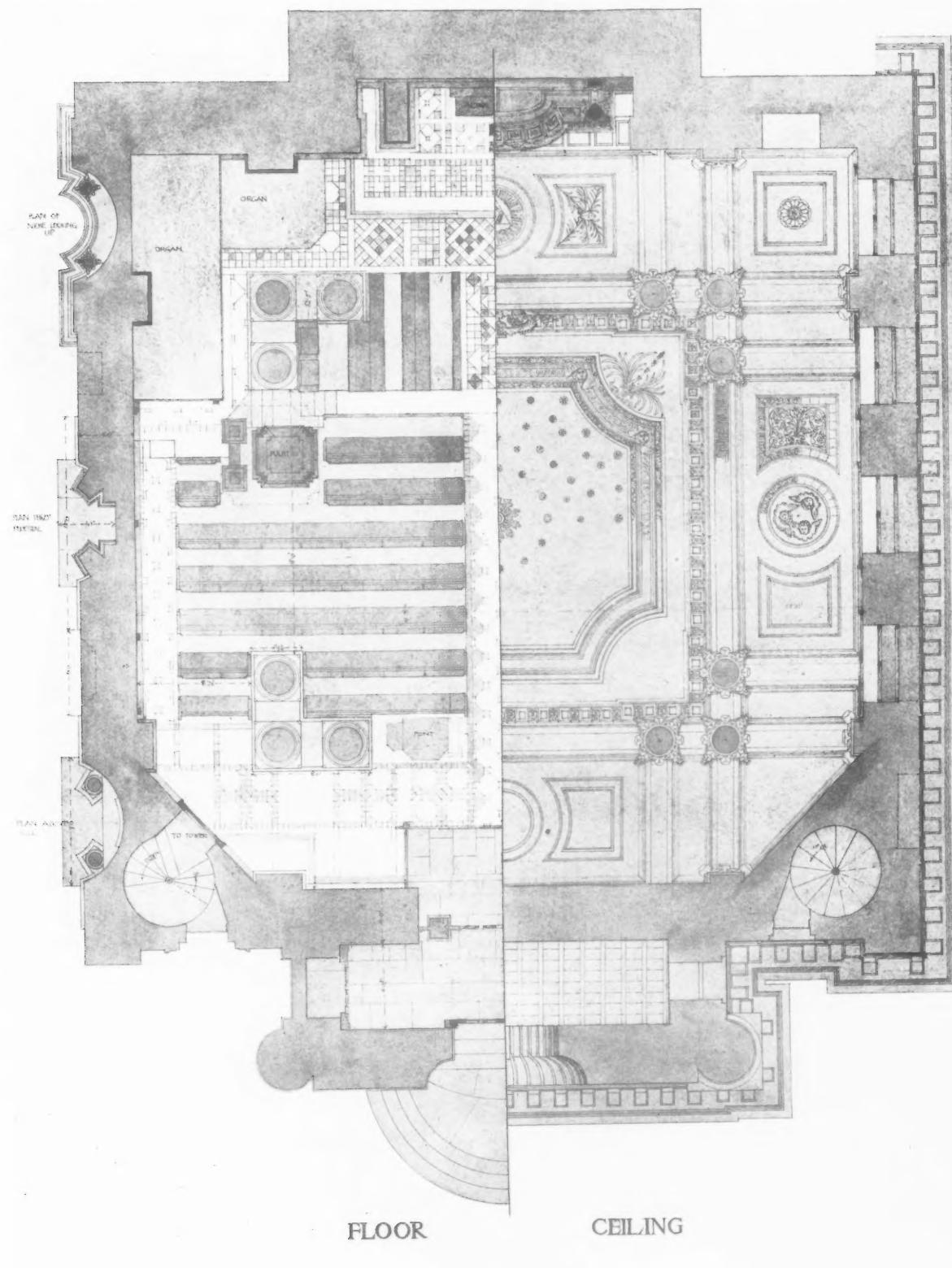
Plate III.

February 1922.

Not all the fine town houses are in the largest cities. This excellent example of unaffected dignity, for instance, is one of the many sedate Georgian houses that grace most of our minor towns, and more especially the cathedral cities. It should be noted that the date conjecturally assigned to this house is that of the Gordon Riots, *temp. George III.*

“The A.R.” Measured Drawings Competition.

The Prize Drawings.

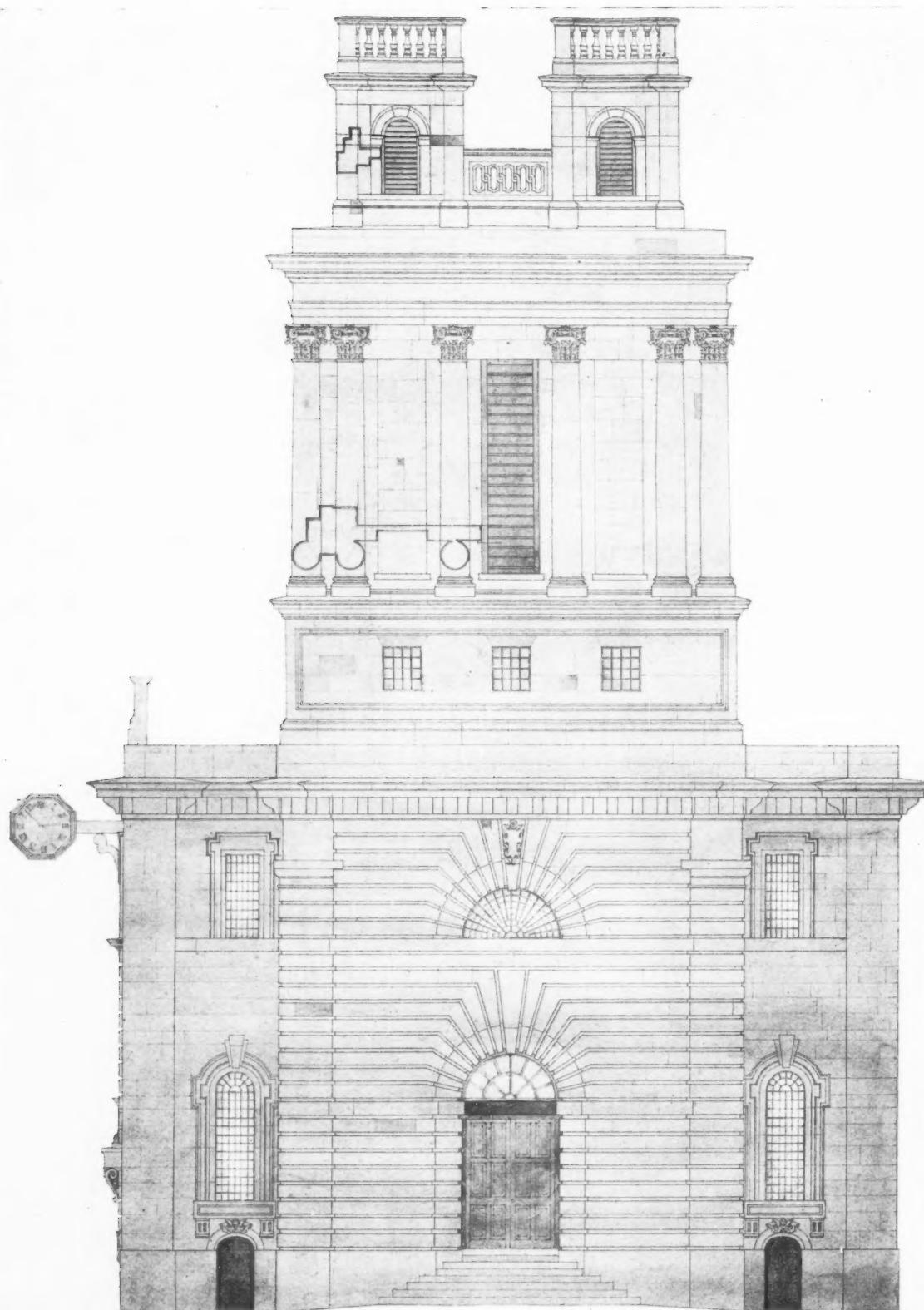


PLAN

Scale of 1 in. to 50 ft. (1:600) or 1 in. to 40 ft. (1:480)
Scale of 1 ft. to 10 ft. (1:120)

ST. MARY WOOLNOTH, LOMBARD STREET, E.C.

Measured and drawn by L. Magnus Austin.



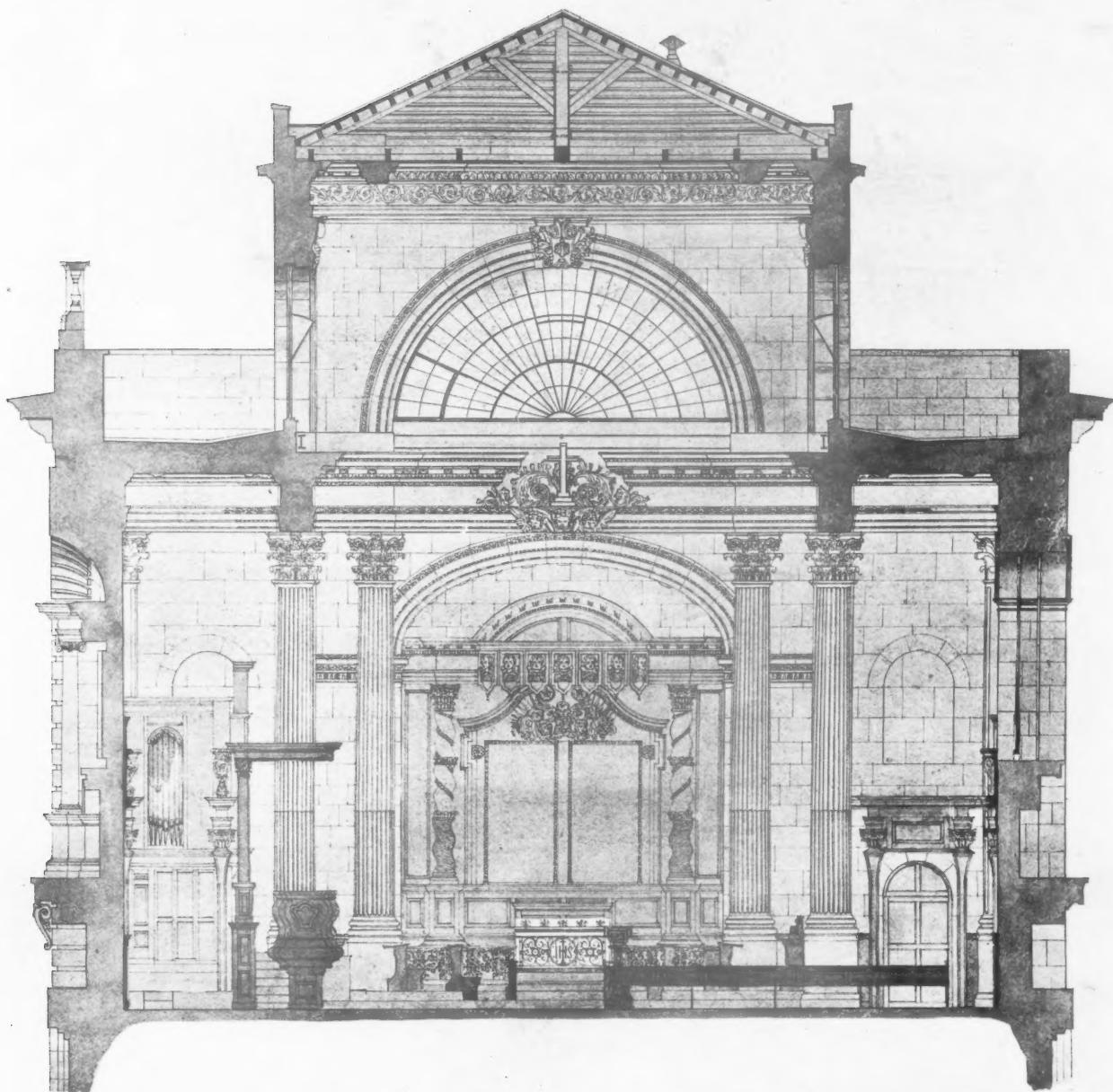
WEST ELEVATION

SCALE OF 1 IN.

ST. MARY WOOLNOTH, LOMBARD STREET, E.C.

Measured and drawn by L. Magnus Austin.

ST. MARY WOOLNOTH LOMBARD ST EC.



SECTION

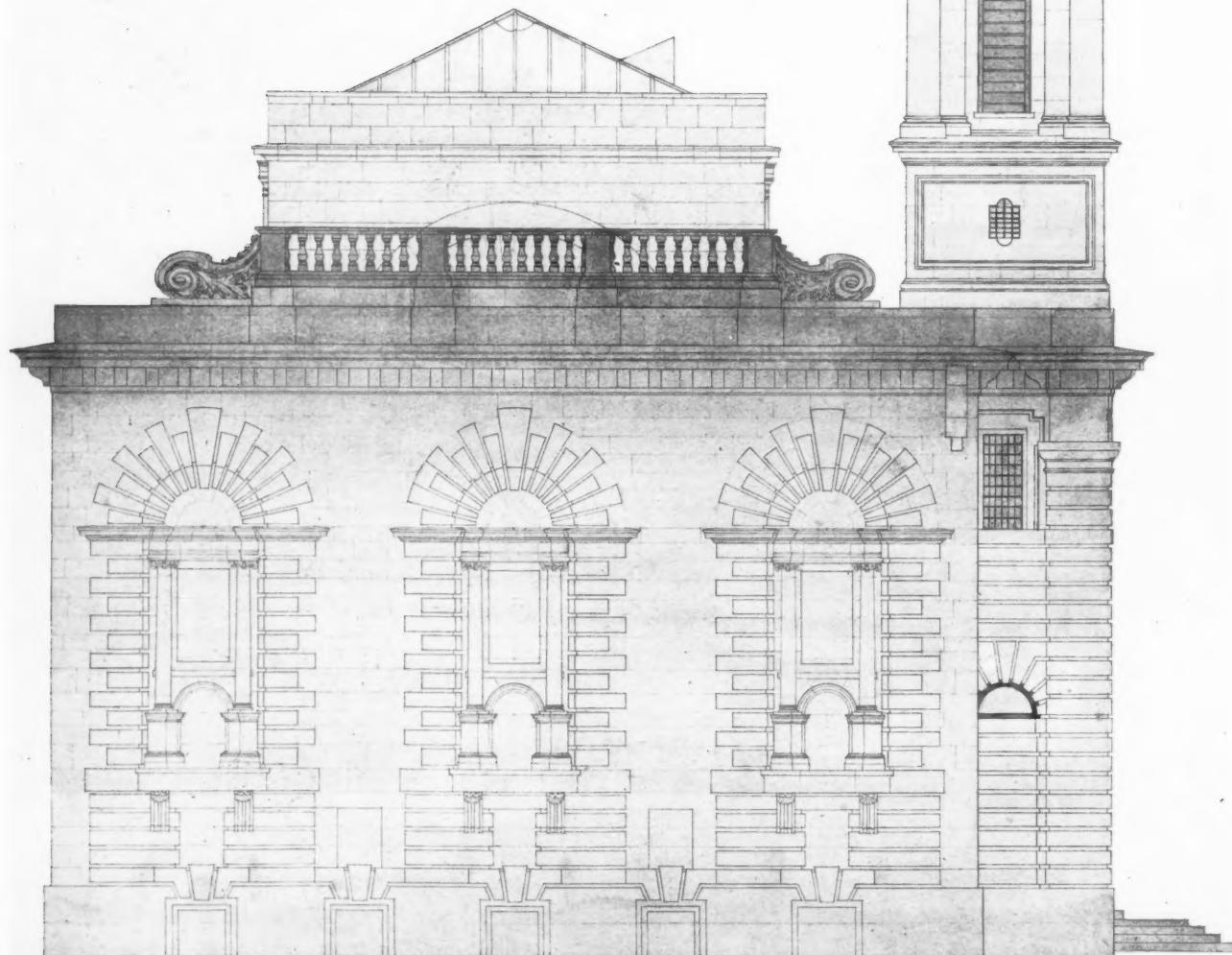
Scale of 1 in. to 10 ft. (1:120)

Scale of feet

ST. MARY WOOLNOTH, LOMBARD STREET, E.C.

Measured and drawn by L. Magnus Austin.

ST. MARY WOOLNOTH
LOMBARD ST. EC.



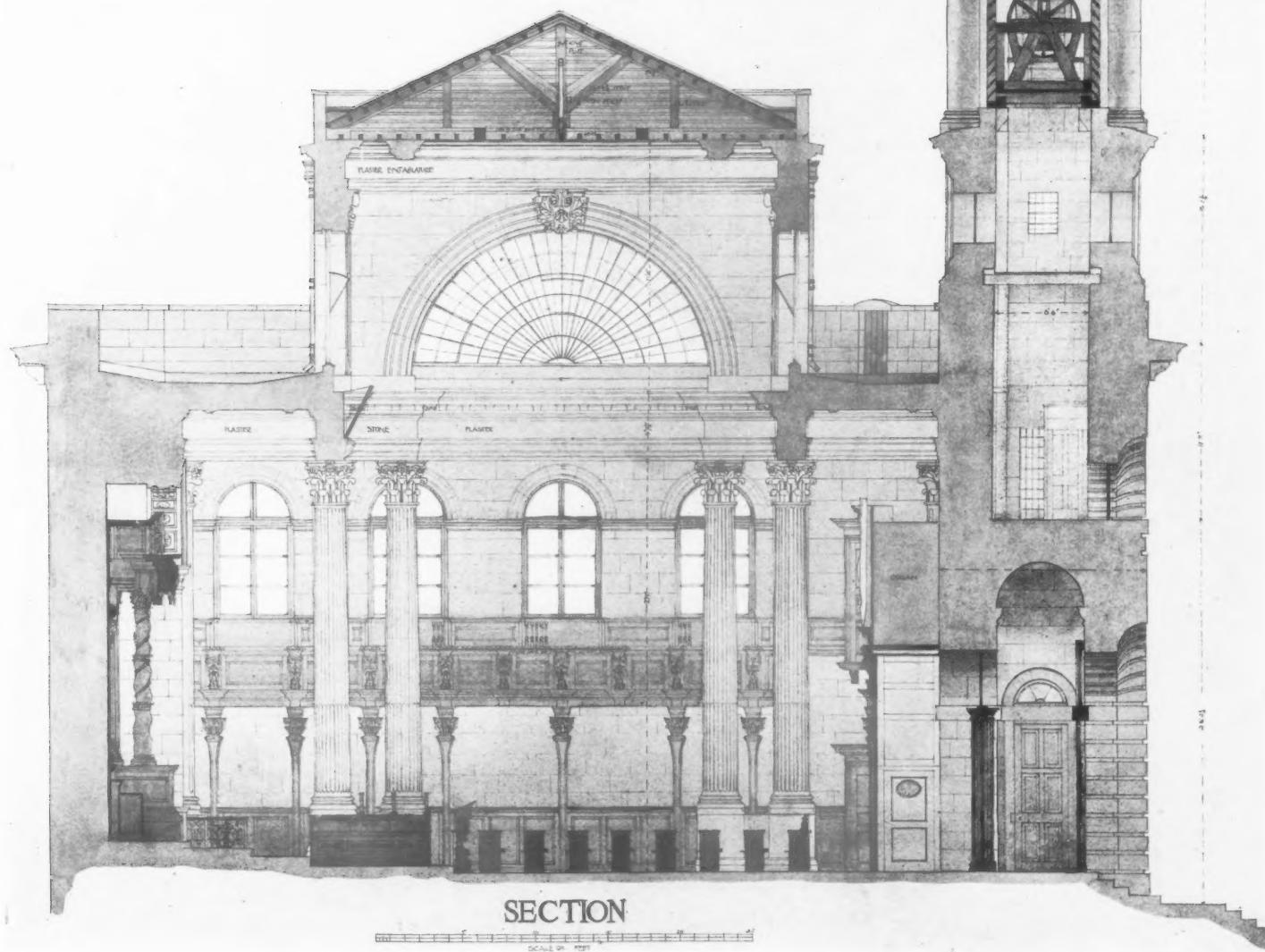
NORTH ELEVATION

SCALE 100 FEET

ST. MARY WOOLNOTH, LOMBARD STREET, E.C.

Measured and drawn by L. Magnus Austin.

ST. MARY WOOLNOTH
LOMBARD ST. EC.



ST. MARY WOOLNOTH, LOMBARD STREET, E.C.

Measured and drawn by L. Magnus Austin.

Chastleton House, Oxfordshire.

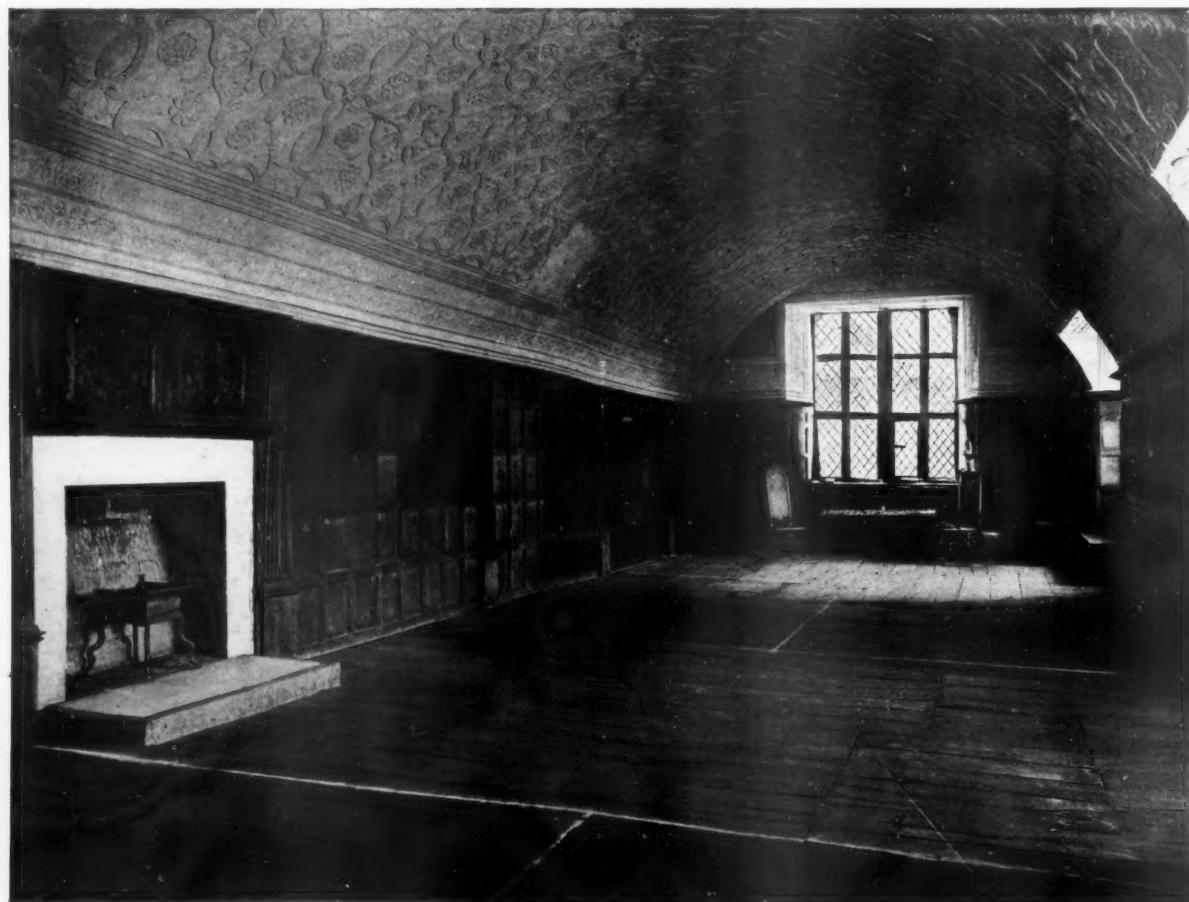
By M. Jourdain.

THE house of Chastleton, in Oxfordshire, one of the most complete specimens of the traditional building of the early years of the seventeenth century, is unchanged, except in some very few and minor modifications, since Walter Jones, a rich woollen merchant of Witney, pulled down the old house in 1603 and built the present structure, which was, according to tradition, finished in 1614. The dominant impression of the house is of tallness, consisting as it does of four stories of excellent grey stone, in which every detail of stringcourse and moulding still shows sharp and well preserved. The line of the roof is skilfully broken by finialled gables (those of the bays of the entrance front being stepped) and by a central group of diagonally-set chimney-stacks; and the staircase towers, which are embattled, rising just above the main ridge, also diversify the outline. Though the rain-water heads bear eighteenth-century dates—often an indication of repairs and renovations—nothing has changed here structurally since the early seventeenth century. The building is a hollow square in plan, enclosing what is known as the Dairy Court, which measures 28 ft. by 26 ft.; the staircase towers project from the centres of the south-west and north-east sides; while a single gabled bay projects from the north-west.

There are two bays in the south or entrance front, and as the hall occupies the centre of the plan, the entrance doorway is placed not in the centre of the façade, but in the centre

of the eastern bay, as at Burton Agnes, as it is necessary to enter at the screens at the lower end of the hall. Mounting the shallow steps of the terrace, you enter on the left, and then turn to the right through the screens. The entrance doorway in houses built in the early seventeenth century often affords a contrast by its richer detail with the sobriety of the rest of the structure, and is usually treated with an order; at Chastleton also the doorway with its fluted Doric pilasters has an ornamental strapwork cresting which is set flat against the wall, and is flanked by obelisks, which were liberally used at this period as finials. The corresponding bay which lights the dais of the hall balances the bay in which the doorway is placed.

In the hall, which is wainscoted to sill height, there is a good screen of characteristic early seventeenth-century type, with two round-arched openings, flanked with fluted Ionic columns on carved pedestals carrying an entablature in which the deep frieze is carved with reversed S-scrolls. This is surmounted by a cresting of pierced and elaborated strapwork divided by obelisks, and in the spandrels of the openings reclining figures are carved. The frieze of the wainscot at the dais end of the hall is richly carved with reversed scrolls centring in a winged head, while on the other flanks of the wall it is enriched with channelling. On the left of the screens is the Chestnut parlour, where the large bolection-



THE LONG GALLERY.

CHASTLETON HOUSE, OXFORDSHIRE.

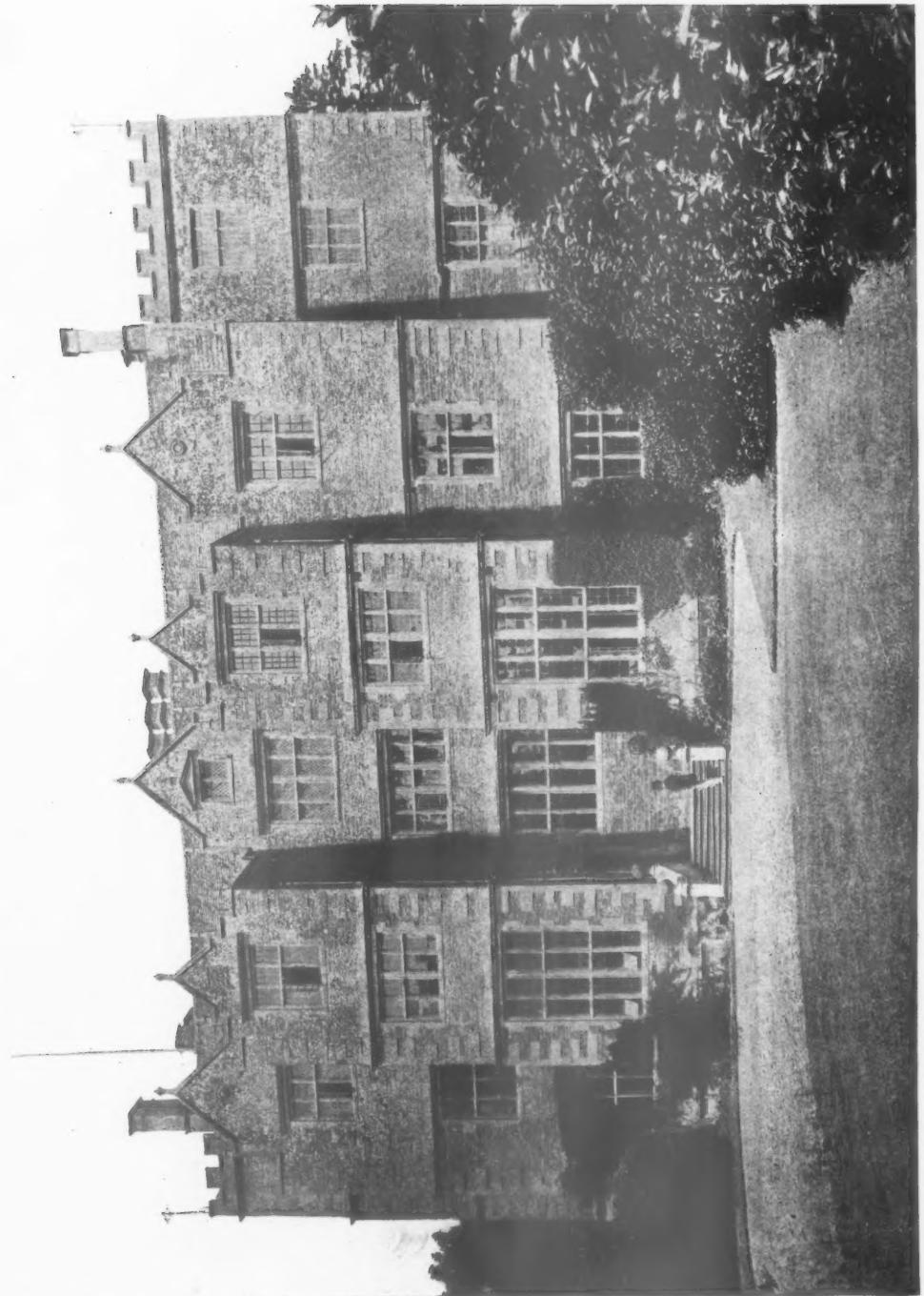


Plate IV.

THE ENTRANCE FRONT.

February 1922.



CEILING OF GREAT CHAMBER.



THE GREAT CHAMBER.

moulded panels are evidence of redecoration of the late seventeenth century or early years of the eighteenth century.

The wainscot of the White parlour opening out of the dais end of the hall is, unlike the hall, of deal painted white. The lowest tier of panels is plain; above are two tiers of arched panels divided by fluted pilasters springing from the plain tiers. The plaster frieze repeats the *motif* of elaborated reversed scrolls that appears in the hall screen, and throughout the house there is evidence of the same designer expressing himself in wood, plaster, and stone. The original wide oak staircase which occupies the south-west tower is led round an enclosed well of timber framing, plastered between the beams and divided into cupboards, the balusters being also carried round the head, where the newel-posts at the angles are finished with pierced obelisks resting on balls.

The richest effects are concentrated in the great chamber (of which Nash has an illustration), where the two-storied chimneypiece still retaining its coloured and gilded detail, the intricate and softly modelled ceiling, and the rich and refined wainscot, achieve a remarkable unity. The intersecting ribs of the ceiling are moulded on edge and enriched with a running vine pattern, while the panels are filled with formal sprays of pinks, and the junction of the ribs is masked by small pendants and bosses. The chimneypiece, which shows in the centre panel the arms of Walter Jones and Eleanor Pope within a deeply gadrooned frame, is flanked by strapwork devices centring in a mask, which, like the frieze above, show

traces of original colouring, and repeat the reversed monster-headed scroll that is met with in other rooms; the shafts of the Corinthian columns of the upper story are painted to represent dove-grey marble. The wainscot is richly treated, a large double-arched panel forming the centre of a system of surrounding panels, diversified with well-designed strapwork ornament, centring in heads freshly and vigorously carved. This carving is all planted on, as is evident from the portions that have broken away. The pilasters on either side of the two doorways are carved with a vine scroll, and the original door is as rich in varied strapwork and arched panels as the surrounding wainscot. In the frieze painted busts of prophets, sibyls, and heroes are spaced in order round the room, adding their note to the tawny colour of the oak, which has never been painted or waxed. In the state room, known in the original inventory as "Mr. Fettiplace's Chamber," the wide frieze of the winged figures bearing darts amid monster-headed scrolls is characteristic of the craftsman at work at Chastleton, as are the terminal figures in the frieze of the chimneypiece, which

is carved with arms and mantling within a recessed panel, flanked by statuettes of Royal personages in niches.

Within the central panel of the upper story of the Doctor's chamber are the arms of the Sheldon family, with their original colouring, flanked by Corinthian columns, whilst the lower story is flanked by columns with Ionic capitals, and, as in the State-room chimneypiece, the panel of arms is flanked by carved figures in contemporary dress. The wainscot, of which the upper tier is arched, is painted white, and the deep plaster-frieze deserves notice. The single-storied stone chimneypiece of the Middle chamber has an over-piece with strapwork enrichments retaining their original colouring. At the top of the house is the Long gallery extending the full length of the north side, and interesting as, unencumbered with furniture, it shows to the full its detail of oak and plaster. Its walls are plainly wainscoted as far as the spring of the wagon-vaulted ceiling, and divided into bays by fluted pilasters. On the ceiling the narrow enriched rib forms a flat geometrical design, in which large Tudor roses and buds finish the cusplings of the larger series of panels, while in a smaller series the lobed interlacing ribs terminate in fleurs-de-lis. The frieze, which is of strapwork and small repeating ornament, is contained within a wide moulded band. Any monotony or flatness of this simple but very satisfactory design is removed by the tooling of details such as the petals of the flowers. The design of the ornament is practically identical with that of the old Muniment room above the entrance at Oriel College, Oxford (as has



THE GREAT CHAMBER.

been pointed out by Mr. Aymer Vallance) which dates from about 1619. In the late eighteenth century, when John Jones was repairing the roof, it was found that the ends of the beams had rotted, and thus a portion of the plaster had to be broken away to enable them to be renewed. A servant of the present owner of Chastleton, John Innell Minchin, however, took moulds of the various details of the ornament, and the new work is now difficult to distinguish from the old. Shields of arms commemorating this restoration were placed in the lunette on either side of the east window.

The decoration of Chastleton, in which a definite unity is observable, very different from the comparatively haphazard comradeship of craftsmen, is a very favourable example of what Fergusson terms that "very horrid though very characteristic name of Jacobean"; and is characteristic of the date when the seventeenth century was advancing in its second decade, and, while ornament was still abundant and picturesque, the suppression of the clumsier details borrowed from the Low Countries was attained, at times, together with the more complete relation of the various details to one another.

CHASTLETON HOUSE, OXFORDSHIRE.



Plate V.

FIREPLACE IN THE GREAT CHAMBER.

February 1922.

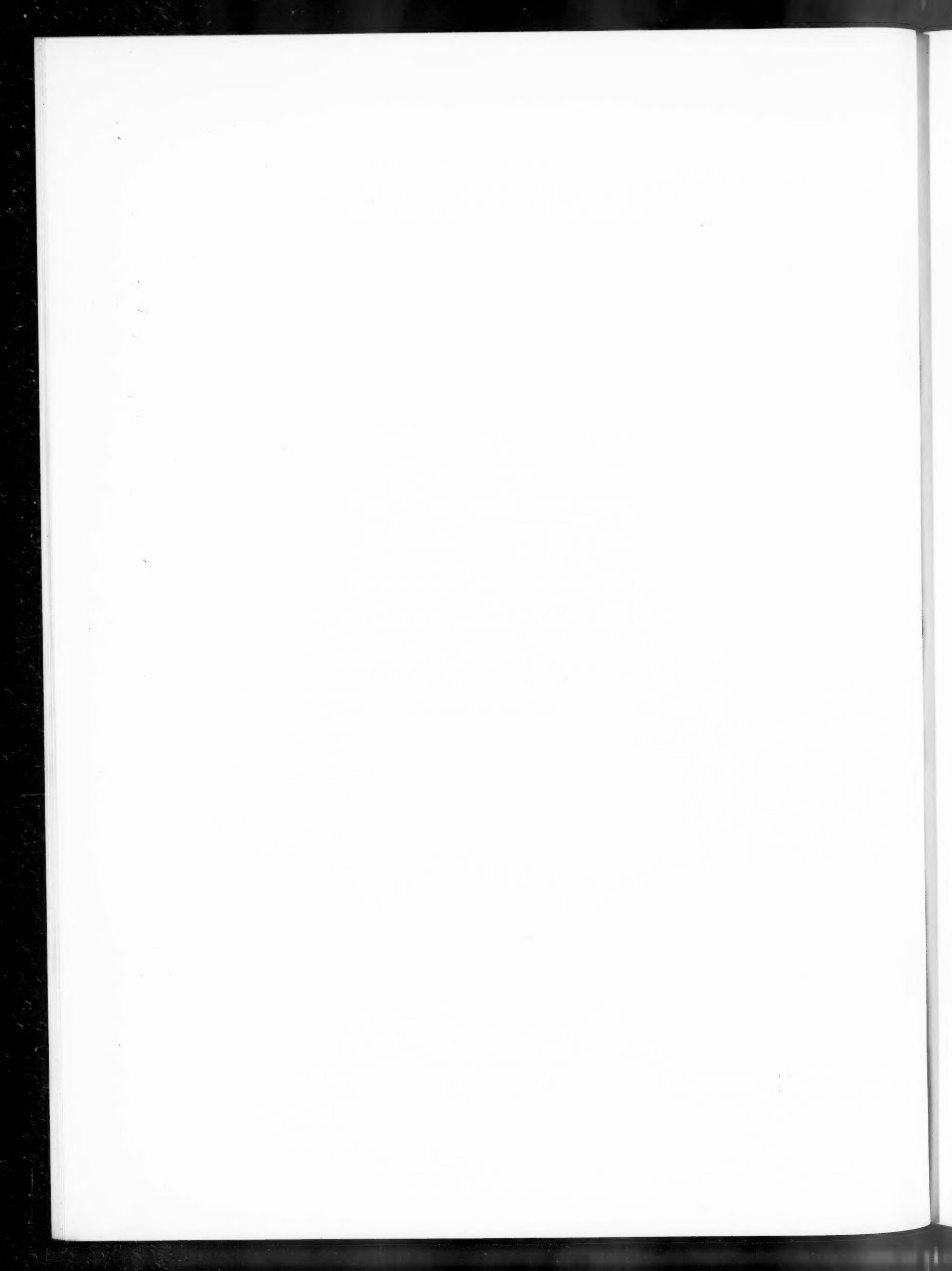




Plate VI.

February 1922.

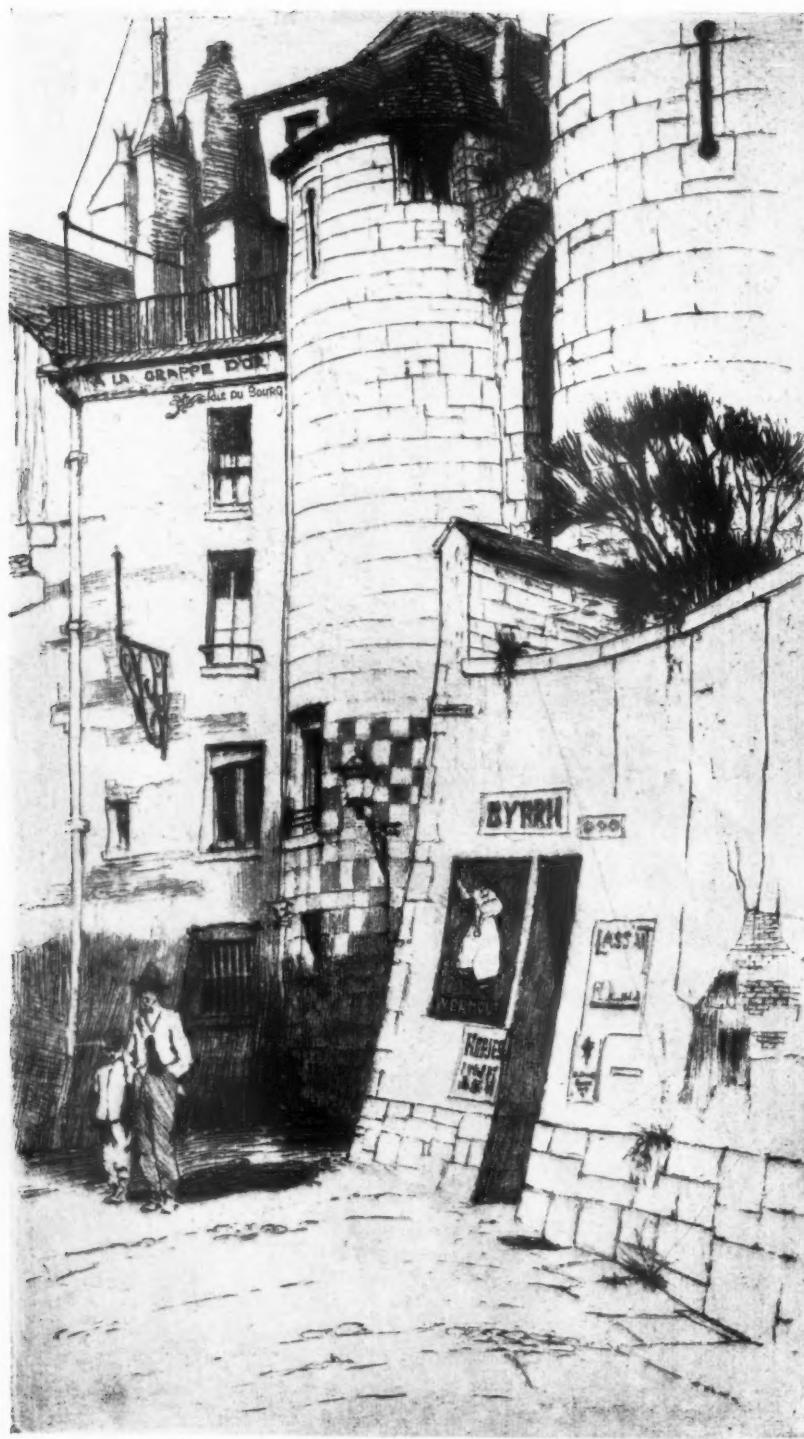
THE MEDICAL SCHOOL, ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL, SMITHFIELD.

Edward I'Anson, Architect.
From a Water-colour Drawing by Hanslip Fletcher.

Etchings by Walter M. Keesey.



OLD HOUSES, CAMBRIDGE.



PORTE DES CHENIZELLES, LAON.

Publications.

“The Designers of Our Buildings.”

It is the burden of Mr. W. J. Locke's complaint, in his “Foreword” to Mr. L. Cope Cornford's book bearing the above-quoted title, that our buildings and their designers are insufficiently regarded. Mr. Locke ingeniously claims for himself and for Mr. Cornford a certain “duality of perspective.” Mr. Locke writes as “a layman sitting as executive officer in the very centre of the congregate activities of the architectural profession” [“congregate activities” is good—at least as good as “mobbed queen”]. He continues: “Away from the Institute I pursued my own private avocations remote from architecture. In this way I became, to all intents and purposes, both the public and the architect. Mr. Cope Cornford is also invested with this duality of perspective, with the difference that he was professionally trained as an architect, but abandoned the profession for that of literature” (he was articled to Mr. John W. Simpson, to whom the book is dedicated). In which capacity does Mr. Locke speak—as an architect or as the public?—when he adds: “Between the public and the architect, unfortunately, yawns a great gulf from which arises a strange mist. The most ignorant man sees a picture, and he knows that some one man has painted it; he hears a piece of music, and he knows that some one man has composed it; he reads a book, and he knows that some one man has written it. He sees a great building rear itself, stone by stone, at the corner of a familiar thoroughfare, and it never enters his silly head to realize that some one man has designed it.” And in which character of three that he confesses to having assumed does he speak these lines?—“The degraded novelist goads his publisher to advertise him all over the place, and thus gets his name known.” Certainly Mr. Locke must be credited with inner knowledge on this subject also, and therefore may not be contradicted, otherwise we should have felt ourselves in a position to assure him that the novelist W. J. Locke “got his name known” by a much more dignified process. But then he is not a “degraded” novelist, but one who has done more than any other fiction-writer of the present day to elevate and adorn the gentle craft that he so successfully and so joyously pursues.

That, however, is another story (may we have many another from W. J. Locke), and the real question he raises in his Foreword is: Should architects advertise? He seems to think they should, but he does not commit himself to a positive pronouncement on that issue. He does not halt, however, in the opinion that the newspapers should certainly give more attention to architects and architecture than they ever do. They neglect the subject habitually and shamelessly, because, Mr. Locke thinks, they believe, rightly or wrongly, that the public do not care for it. That may be, for the average journalist, a sufficient pretext for ignoring architecture; but it is a painfully sordid one; and against it can be set many considerations that, in a civilized community, ought not to be left out of account, but need not be enumerated here.

Mr. Cope Cornford's book is a powerful persuasive that, no matter what sceptical journalists may assume to the contrary, architecture is really and truly one of the “things that count,” and that various persons have achieved eminence in it. To propagate that article of faith and credence he summarizes or outlines the annals of the Royal Institute of British Architects, and has adorned his book with nine portraits of distinguished

architects of different types and periods, beginning with Inigo Jones (1573–1652) and ending with Alfred Waterhouse (1830–1905). Of intermediate dates are Wren, Chambers, Soane, Barry, Scott, Garnier, and Penrose; and facing each portrait is the briefest possible statement of the architect's title to fame. It is no inconsiderable merit of the book that it is terse and readable throughout, so that a busy man could assimilate it in the course of a single journey to or from town, and would thereby be much the wiser about architects and architecture, and much more favourably disposed towards both. It would be his own fault if he did not derive from Mr. Cornford's book a less hazy understanding of the functions and aims of the Institute, and of the influence it exercises, through architecture, upon the community—which, after all, it exists to serve; and by the degree of its success or failure in this service—hygienic, economic, aesthetic, and (in a certain sense) moral—it stands to be judged.

This book should enjoy the widest possible circulation among the general public as well as among architects; for wherever it goes it will delicately but impressively command architecture as a subject of rational interest. About the Designers of our Buildings there is no longer any excuse for remaining as blankly ignorant as most laymen unhappily are for lack of such an easily accessible and pleasantly inviting source of information.

“*The Designers of Our Buildings.*” By L. Cope Cornford. With a Foreword by William J. Locke. London: R.I.B.A., 9 Conduit Street, W. Price 5s.

Sir Reginald Blomfield on Greek Architecture.

To “The Legacy of Greece,” a collection of essays by acknowledged authorities on various aspects of Greek achievement, edited by R. W. Livingstone of Corpus, whose book on the Greek Genius will be familiar to many, Sir Reginald Blomfield contributes the chapter on Architecture. It is, we hope, a sign of the times that an architect rather than an archaeologist should be asked to write on architecture. And readers of the book will have no reason to regret it. Sir Reginald handles this intricate and elusive subject with a breadth and directness which make it almost simple, and yet with a sympathy and fervour which reveal the artist behind the scholar.

The spirit of Dorian architecture of the sixth and fifth centuries arose like a wind, man knows not whence, and is gone. It has little or no affinity with Minoan or Mycenæan building, the gold and barbaric gleam that Homer knew, and but little with all the loaded masonry of Egypt. “What the Greeks did was to formulate a rhythmical architecture in which each part stood in a definite and considered relation to the whole, so that even in their ruined state these Doric temples give an irresistible impression of a great idea, a great architectural epic, in which each detail, however beautiful, was subordinated to the unity of the conception as a whole. It is this abstract quality which lifts Greek Doric so far above the ambitious art of later ages, and, indeed, above all but the very finest work of any period of architecture.”

In their continually chastening development of the Doric order, mind following mind along the same road, they brought

THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW.

to its fullest perfection the temple form, in which they were almost exclusively interested. "They set up a standard of attainment in pure form which no subsequent architecture has ever been able to reach."

Architecture for the Greek of the days of Pericles was at its highest the expression of idea in a subtlety of three dimensions. It was not the inspired solving of a problem of building such as later gave rise to dome and vault and bridge. Indeed, the Greeks were not great builders, but they had for a short while a mind which sang in tune with great harmonies; and without in their vocabulary having a word for Art, or in their polity paying much honour to artists, they for a little span achieved what man has never since achieved, without fuss or clamour or personal advertisement, standing "upon the ancient ways, patient and serene, moving steadily to the appointed end."

That we cannot "revive" Greek architecture, any more than Greek tragedy or the city-state, is not to say we can learn nothing from it. "The lesson of the Parthenon is the lesson of a steadfast vision of beauty, held high above individual effort and failure, realizing itself not in complex detail or calculated eccentricity, but in a serene and exquisite simplicity of form." It teaches that the future lies not with the mind that is impatient to destroy, but with the mind that is patient to follow what is great in the past, till he haply finds himself in his turn privileged to bring his own small *epavos* to the festival.

W.G.N.

"*The Legacy of Greece.*" Edited by R. W. Livingstone. Oxford: Clarendon Press. Price 7s. 6d.

Lutyens Houses and Gardens.

Sir Edwin Lutyens is almost as fortunate in finding so skilful and so sympathetic an interpreter as Sir Lawrence Weaver as he was in winning the hearts of the people by designing the Cenotaph. That eulogy rather than criticism is the intention in the charming book before us is perfectly natural, and even commendable; in the circumstances, was rather inevitable. In love and in friendship, one does not criticize.

Yet admiration, judiciously expressed, is criticism of a sort. Or those who will may call it appreciation. Certainly in this book it never for a single moment degenerates into mere adulation. Our author sincerely admires Sir Edwin's work—as who does not?—but never waxes ecstatic about it, and therefore never repels the assent he would fain attract. Frankly acknowledging the difficulty of dealing critically with the work of a living artist, he steadily refrains from enforcing "the rigour of the game," while, however, by no means omitting to notice such faults or blemishes as occasionally obtrude themselves. He will never praise what he does not honestly admire, and he never makes the mere enthusiast's mistake of claiming for his hero an inhuman immunity from mistakes. "Hero" is not an extravagantly inappropriate word; for here we have an architect who, while barely turned fifty, has attained to all the honours much beyond which the profession can scarcely carry its most favoured sons—Royal Gold Medallist, Royal Academician, Knight Bachelor, popularity beyond that of all his *frères*. And now a competent hand has supplied the demand for a detailed account of his works. Whether our author quite maintains the high standard of delicately just expression for which no contemporary writer on architectural subjects excels him, becomes a question when he asserts that the Cenotaph "made joy in fine architecture a possession of the people." But does the Cenotaph evoke joy in fine architecture, or joy of any sort in the sense in which "joy" is commonly understood? That the Cenotaph is a prepotent example of grave dignity

cannot be denied; but surely the popular appreciation of it was hardly æsthetic—was emotional, rather, but nevertheless a tribute, all the more valuable for being spontaneous and uncritical, to the exquisite adaptability of architecture to the expression of supreme human feeling, evoking, let it be supposed, the sort of "joy" our author has in mind.

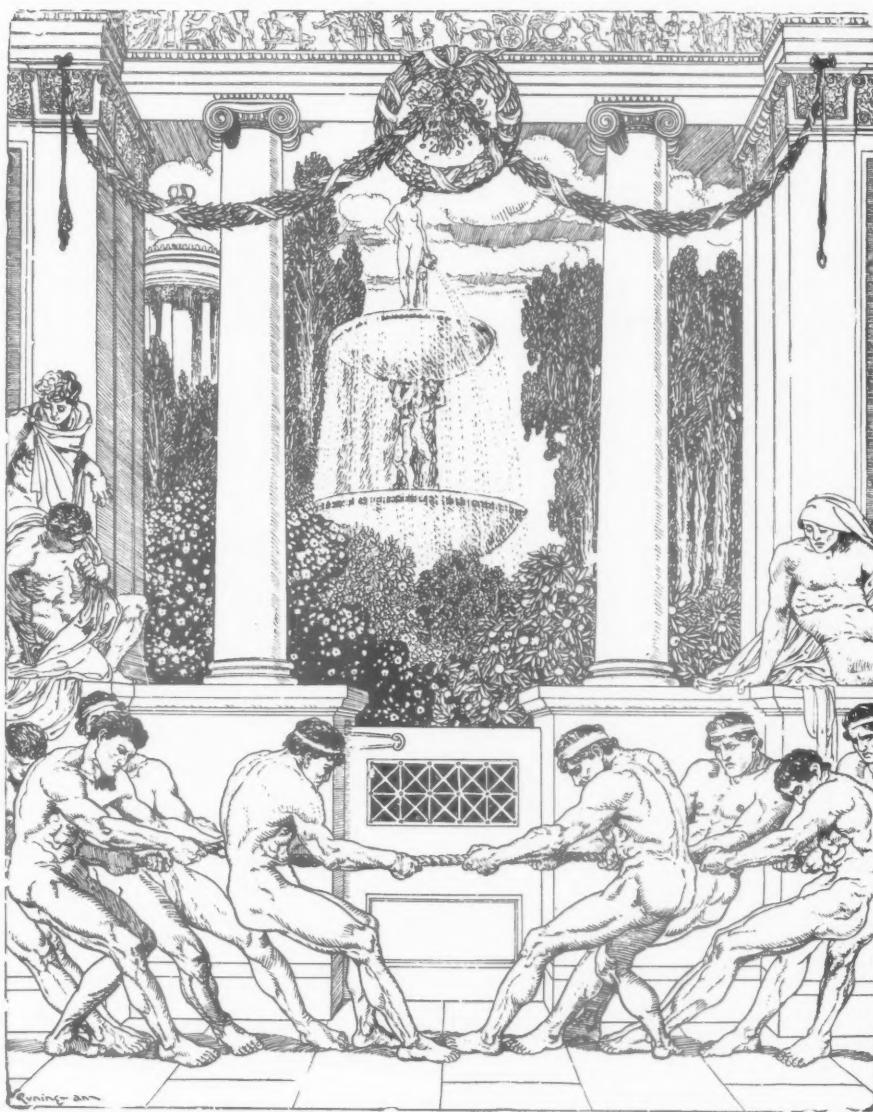
However, the author's rare literary craftsmanship never for a moment fails him. His writing—if he will forgive us for applying to it a happy phrase in which he extols the work of Sir E. Lutyens—is always the "marriage of fine design with just sense of materials." Not infrequently he narrowly escapes epigram, as when he remarks, casually but irrefragably, that "the Greek spirit is an affair of ideals rather than of mouldings." And this could hardly have been better expressed: "For all his faithfulness to tradition, Sir Edwin impresses on his work a personal quality that is unmistakable and that eludes the copyist." So also, by good hap, does Sir Lawrence; wherein Sir Edwin is doubly fortunate—in his work and in his eulogist.

J. F. McR.

"*Lutyens Houses and Gardens.*" By Lawrence Weaver. London: "Country Life," Ltd., 20 Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, E.C.2, and George Newnes, Ltd., 8-11 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.2. Price 10s. 6d. net.

Art in the Stone Age.

Mr. and Mrs. Quennell have had the rare felicity to discover an insufficiently realized educational need, and to meet it with entire adequacy. Until they took it in hand, history had been too largely an affair of Kings and Chronicles. Mr. and Mrs. Quennell dealt with Everyday Things, in which everybody could take an interest without compulsion from without or affectation from within—about which, indeed, everybody was found to be hungering and thirsting for information. Having invented this "more excellent way" of presentment—of rendering pleasant the subjects that other writers had either made penal in the perusal or had altogether neglected—it was inevitable that the authors should continue along the trail they had blazed; and they have now adapted their excellent popularizing method to "Everyday Life in the Old Stone Age." "Old" is not pleonastic, and needs no defence. What is of importance is that the book will make plain to many thousands (no doubt) what the expression "Stone Age" really implies. It shows, with quite extraordinary lucidity, primitive man "in his habit as he lived," whether that habit be taken in the narrow sense of clothing—in this case, of course, the skins of animals—or whether it be allowed the wider meaning of manner and custom. The authors relate in clear and simple language, and, we are assured, with commendable accuracy, nearly all that is known of primitive man—how he hunted and fished, how he built his crude means of shelter, made fire, contrived rude implements of the chase, set cunning snares for big game that with his primitive weapons he did not dare to encounter in the open, made tools for cutting and hammering, scratched on the scraped bones of his prey, or on the walls of his cave, clever pictures of the animals he hunted—the boar, the bison, and the deer. Not only did he scratch, he painted also, say our authors (and the passage will serve as a specimen of their admirably clear method): "The Magdalenian period marked the highest development of the art of prehistoric man. The paintings are of astonishing merit. Without being great sticklers for detail, these old painters caught the very spirit of the animals they painted. The mammoth swings along alive from the tip of his trunk to the end of his tufted tail. The bison and the boar charge; the reindeer and red deer move in a slow, easy canter. The drawings are proof of the immensely developed power of



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Drawn by O. Cunningham

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detailed observation which came to the hunter as part of his craft, and which is different from the sympathy shown in later days, when animals were domesticated. The artists of those days used reds and browns, blacks and yellows, and were clever at producing high lights, half tones, and shadow. They appear to have started with a black outline, and then to have filled in the body of the work, adding tone, or wiping away colour to get the effect of lights. The figures are often of life-size, and their vigour makes us wish that we could draw animals in such a living way. M. Daleau has found in France red oxide of iron which formed the basis of one of the colours, the pestles with which it was ground, and the shoulder-blades (of animals) that served as palettes. Brushes were used, and would not have been difficult to make. The paints were carried in little tubes made of reindeer horn. . . . The Magdalenian engravings on ivory, sometimes on the handles of their shaft-straighteners, were just as wonderful as the paintings."

The vivacity of these prehistoric drawings loses nothing in the very clever reproductions of them that Mrs. Quennell has made for the book, which is adorned with copious and extremely

interesting illustrations of various phases of life in the Stone Age, many of which, when she uses them as "properties" in some vigorous composition illustrating sights and scenes, life and movement, owe as much to the artist's sympathetic imagination as to her skill in drawing. Even more than the text of the book, they contribute to a vivid understanding of the essential characteristics of the "dark backward and abysm of time."

"Everyday Life in the Old Stone Age" realizes its title, indeed, with a thoroughness that would have been impossible to less talented and less conscientious workers, and it conveys in most agreeable and attractive form information that, while it was greatly needed, had been hitherto thought inseparable from dullness and insipidity. That Mr. and Mrs. Quennell have made so fascinating a book out of such unpromising materials is a triumph of authorship.

"Everyday Life in the Old Stone Age." Written and Illustrated by Marjorie and C. H. B. Quennell. London: B. T. Batsford, Ltd. Price 5s. net.

Chronicle and Comment. Salient Features of the Month's Architectural News.

Austria's Gobelins Tapestries.

France and England having refused Austria a loan, granted her permission to sell the famous Gobelins tapestries and other State-owned works of art in order to raise much needed funds. These tapestries are 900 in number, and constitute what is admittedly the finest collection of the kind in the world. As we write, the fate of the tapestries is still undecided.

A Better Year for Fine Art Dealers.

There was a pleasant air of optimism about the speeches at the "Coming of Age Festival Dinner" of the representatives of the Fine Art Trade and Provident Institution, held at the Holborn Restaurant. It was generally admitted that the trade in pictures and recently published engravings had never experienced a worse year than during 1921; political unrest and high taxation being responsible. The chairman thought there was every indication that the trade had passed through its worst period of stagnation, and that the prospects for a good year were excellent.

Rebuilding of Reims.

It is reported by a recent visitor to Reims Cathedral that work has commenced inside on the gaping holes of the vaulting and on such exterior pinnacles as are in an unstable condition. It is hoped that in two years the church as far as the sanctuary will be available for service, and that within ten years the whole cathedral will be open for public worship. Externally, nothing will be done till then, except to preserve the structure. Now that it is possible to examine the statuary and decoration the vast extent of the damage must strike every visitor. The "Smiling Angel" and the beautiful "Beau Dieu de Reims" no longer look down from their niches—the heads of both have gone. The delicate shafts of the pinnacles on the buttresses are in many cases severed. The entire high-pitched roof was burnt. The French Government are spending two and a half million francs yearly on the work of reparation, and the Car-

dinal Lucon, who never left Reims during the war, and now at eighty-one is as vigorous as a man half his age, entreats all lovers of one of the most precious works of art in the world to send what help they can.

Fire in Auch Cathedral.

At four o'clock on the morning of 18 December it was discovered that one of the towers of the Cathedral Church of Sainte Marie, considered to be one of the finest ecclesiastical buildings of Southern France, was on fire. In spite of all the efforts of the firemen the flames spread rapidly, and both the tower and the belfry above it were completely destroyed, while the bells were subsequently discovered in a partly melted condition amongst the debris. The cause of the fire is unknown.

Royal Academy Winter Exhibition.

The exhibition of the works of recently deceased Royal Academicians, which was opened at Burlington House at the beginning of January, is to the eye much what the Gilbert and Sullivan operas have been to the ear—a revival of old fond memories. Old favourites that, they having been acquired for unknown private houses, one dared not hope to see again, afforded us the joy of recognition. The Corporation of London has lent to the Royal Academy the late Sir Edward Poynter's picture "Israel in Egypt," and also "The Return of the City Imperial Volunteers," by J. H. F. Bacon, A.R.A. Sir Edward's noble "Visit to Aesculapius" is also there, a loan from the Tate Gallery. There are, too, some fine examples of Sir W. B. Richmond's truly dignified work; Hubert Herkomer's "Last Muster" has not lost its old power of pathos; portraits by Charles Furse confirm one's earlier conviction of his mastery in that kind; and the portraits by Arthur Hacker renew one's conviction that his art was never overrated. And there is magic in the mere names of Peter Graham, Napier Hemy, J. MacWhirter, Alfred Parsons, Sir Alfred East, Frank Bramley, Briton Rivière, Marcus Stone, and J. W. Waterhouse.



"Waterloo Place." From an original by Francis Dodd.

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The Manitoba Parliament Building.

With reference to the article on the Manitoba Parliament Building which appeared in the January issue of THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW, the whole of the windows for this building were supplied by Messrs. Henry Hope and Sons, Ltd., Birmingham.

Messrs. Shannon, Ltd.

The Shannon, Ltd., are holding an important sale of library and office desks which should be of considerable interest to our readers, and the lover of high-quality furniture has a chance this month of securing a really good desk at a low price. The Shannon object is, we understand, to promote the use of better grade equipment by throwing on the market a large number of many different patterns of desks. Some hundreds of people will be able to secure bargains, and the new venture will undoubtedly prove a great success at all their branches, and particularly at the new showrooms recently opened at 57-9 Victoria Street, Westminster.

British Museum War Memorial.

The war memorial of the British Museum was unveiled on 10 December 1921 by Viscount Ullswater and dedicated by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The Archbishop is one of the official and nominating trustees of the museum, and as the Speaker of the House of Commons, Viscount Ullswater held the same position for many years. The memorial is unique in style. It consists merely of an inscription and the names of the fallen cut high up on one of the great pilasters of the museum façade. The form of the letters used is that in the inscription on the Trajan Column. The inscription was cut by Mr. Eric Gill.

A Wealthy Building Patron.

Mr. Walter Morrison, of Malham Tarn, Langcliffe, who died on 18 December, at Sidmouth, at the age of eighty-five, was the possessor of enormous wealth (he was a "multi-millionaire") and had given large benefactions for such purposes as the endowment of the Bodleian (£50,000), and the promotion of the studies of Egyptology and agriculture (three sums of £10,000), and he had offered to defray the expense of rebuilding Balliol College, Oxford. He had sat in the House of Commons, first for Plymouth and afterwards for the Skipton division of Yorkshire, and was an original member of the Improved Industrial Dwellings Company. His elder brothers, Alfred and Charles, whom he survived by many years, were the well-known collectors of works of art.

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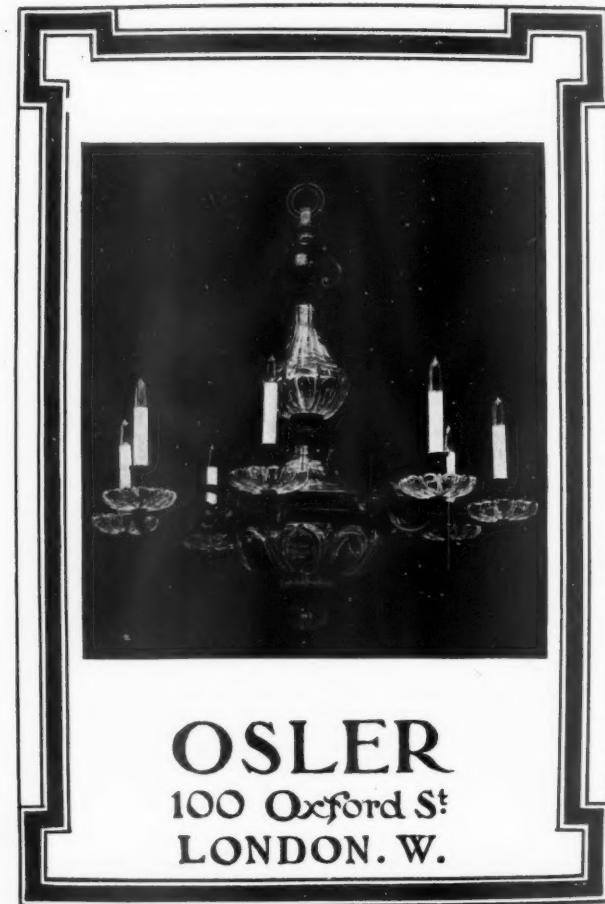
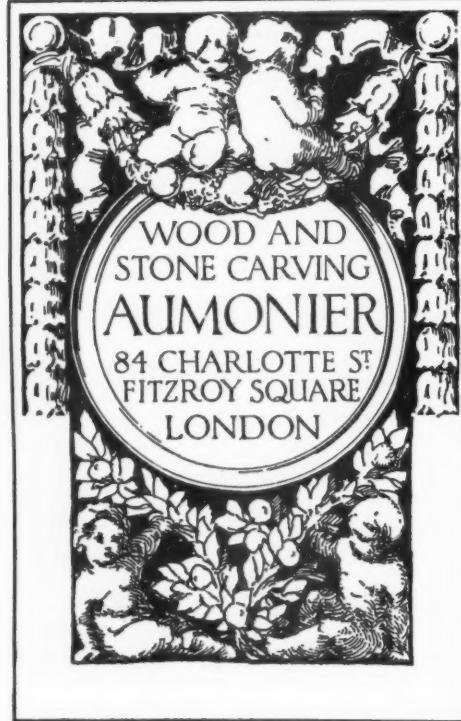
Society of Painter-Etchers.

At a meeting of the council held on 6 January the following were elected associates of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers and Engravers: Messrs. Henry Rushbury, John Wheatley, Francis Dodd, Robert S. Austin, Norman Janes, R. C. Peter, John F. Greenwood, Charles W. Taylor, and John C. Moody. Mr. Claude A. Shepperson, A.R.A., A.R.W.S., who had achieved much distinction as a "Punch" artist, was elected an associate of the society only a few days before his death.

A Beautiful Greek Statue.

World-wide attention has been attracted to a beautiful ancient Greek statue, now one of the glories of the Berlin Museum, by the admiration of Anatole France. The famous French writer saw the statue during his recent visit to Germany. His enthusiastic description of it on his return has made the fame of the goddess, but she was well known already to museum experts and to amateurs. Many people had seen her in the antiquity shop in Paris whence the Germans by wily arts obtained her at the height of the war. The history of the statue is interesting. It was first heard of in the gallery of Herr Hirsch, a German dealer, in Paris in the spring of 1914. It is said that the ex-Empress Eugénie discovered it there, and was so taken with the serene beauty of the goddess that whenever she passed through Paris she laid a bunch of violets at her feet. The German dealer left Paris at the outbreak of the war, and the Demeter—as she is usually called, without satisfactory evidence—was seized by the French Government as enemy property. The story goes that Herr Hirsch arranged with an

Italian dealer to claim the statue as his own, and this claim was admitted in the French courts. The goddess was allowed to leave France for Switzerland, but was quickly sent to Germany. The Berlin Museum paid a million marks (£50,000 at that time) for the statue. This happened in December 1915, and it may be considered to the credit of the German authorities that they should have spent that large sum on a work of art at the height of the war. There has been some criticism in the French press of the failure of the French Government to secure the goddess for the Louvre. M. d'Estournelles de Constant, the Director of the National Museums, has explained that in pre-war days the Louvre authorities tried to buy the statue from Herr Hirsch; but the price asked, a million and a half francs, was too high. The existence of the statue became known to the British Museum soon after it was acquired by Berlin, and photographs were shown at the Hellenic Society in London in 1916. The statue is perhaps the most important known example of the late Archaic period. It is one of the ripest and freest of Archaic statues, and belongs to a date rather earlier than 480 B.C., which is the date officially adopted in Berlin. The statue is supposed to have been found on the site of the Greek colony of Locri in South Italy—not Locri in Greece, as has been stated. In the lack of every kind of attribute it is impossible to say what goddess is represented. She may be Aphrodite or Hera or Persephone, or simply the patron goddess of the town. Originally she may have held distinguishing attributes in her outstretched hands—poppy-heads, or ears of corn, or pomegranate blossoms. Her secret will never be known. She sits serenely with her remote, delicate smile, a relic of Greek art on the eve of its sudden and perfect flowering.



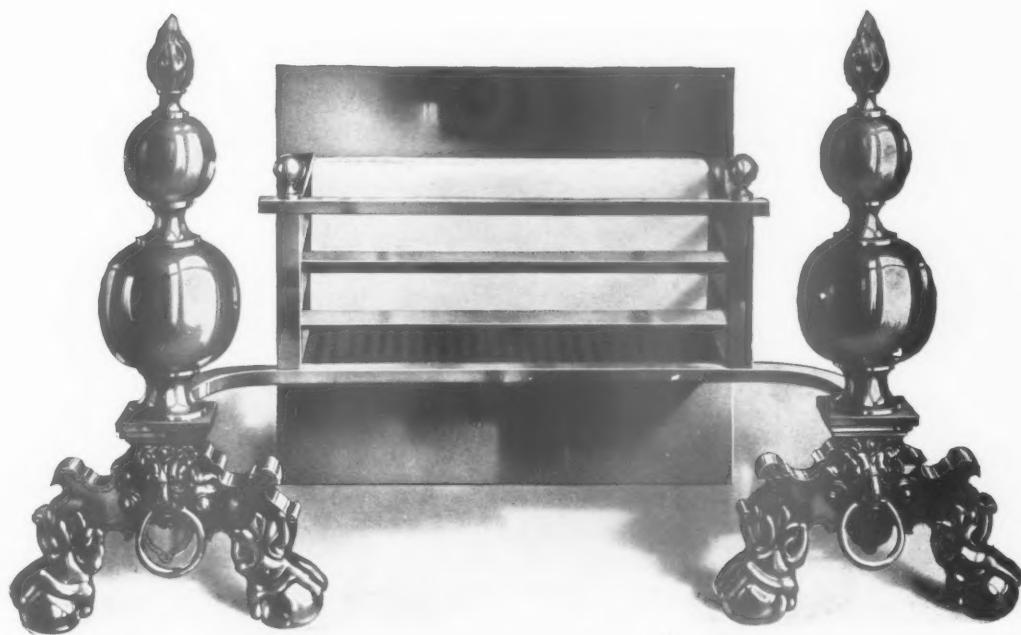


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The "Trade Name Index" has met with such general appreciation that the Editor has felt justified in greatly extending its scope in the forthcoming edition.

The Special Articles which will appear in the 1922 Issue are:—

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